
THE
CORDON
FESTIVAL

CONTENTS

In Memory of Walter Edwin Hill

Evening starlight fell away;
Dawn grew into the day.
Heavenly angels swept from above
Into a home of love,
Lifting their voices in song of His praise,
Only to blow out a light,
For numbered are our days—
Leaving us to sigh for a soul that is gone;
Yes, just for a little while.
Where is the happy boy?
Where is his joyous smile?
Gone—but just for a little while!
Where is the one whom all could esteem?
Gone, my friends, to the land of his dream.

—Opal Ruth

(This spontaneous tribute to the memory of a schoolmate loved by all is printed as it came from the pen and heart of its writer.)

In Memoriam

TO the students and faculty of Corona High School, the death of WALTER EDWIN HILL is indeed a sad loss. He was our friend, our companion. To his classmates he has been, probably all unwittingly, an ideal: high-minded, fair, and true in all that he did.

Too shy to find recitation easy, Edwin was of the type who never gave up until the lesson assinged had been mastered. His scholastic standing, distinctly above the average, showed diligent application to each task. For two years a member of the Executive Board of the Student Body, during one of which he served also as fire chief for the school, he has shared in the activities of the Spanish Club, the Hi-Y, and the DeMolay. Athletics found him a star player, a "four season man," out for football, basketball, baseball, and track. Despite these varied interests, Edwin always had time to help the other fellow.

As he has been in the past, so he will continue: EDWIN HILL, our friend and companion, his high ideals our standard, his slow smile of comradeship and approval reward complete for valiant endeavor.

FOREWORD

PROBABLY the most arresting figure produced by our generation is Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, whose unassuming manner and matter-of-fact courage have become a by-word in homes the world around. He it is who has suggested to us the theme for our yearbook. "We" has become a national synonym for self-forgetful co-operation.

The Student Body of Corona High School is based upon mutual effort and organized for mutual profit. THE CORONAL is the Student Body yearbook, chronicling student endeavors and achievements throughout the year. As Student Body representatives, the editorial staff has endeavored to make this book present the student from the student's own viewpoint.

The selling price of such an annual is never sufficient to meet the cost of publication. The difference, in our case, is covered by funds received from the sale of advertising space. Believing that the same policy of reciprocity should apply in business relationships, the managerial staff has solicited advertisements only from those merchants who would find in the student body a genuine buying public.

Our book is now completed. The staff has exerted itself to the utmost. Student, faculty member, merchant—each has contributed his portion. Therefore, we, the Staff, present to the public this record of what WE, the Students of Corona High School, have achieved:

THE CORONAL OF 1930

THE CORONAL

Published
Annually..
by the....
Student..
Body.....
Corona...
High.....
1930 School...

CORONA
CALIFORNIA

L. HARPER

DEDICATION

TO Mr. Wight, who, as Superintendent of the Corona City School System and Principal of Corona High School, has for twelve years labored unceasingly for the progress and well-being of our school—

We, the Staff, dedicate this, THE CORONAL of 1930.

FACULTY

Glen D. Wight, *Principal*

Herman B. Angeniever
Machine Shop
Edith I. Brown
Mathematics
Mary G. Brown
Music
Harry Butcher
Printing, Mechanical Drawing
Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Hancock
Office, History
Charles C. Hancock
History
Mrs. Hazel Hyatt
Latin, English
Margaret Horst
Physical Education
Mrs. Frary Johnson
Domestic Science
Matilda Jacobson
Attendance Officer
F. F. Labrum
Wood Shop
Mrs. Daisy Belle Lange
Office
Lucy McDougald
Domestic Art, Civics
Margaret Mitchell
English
Helen Neel
Library, Shorthand
Katherine Stewart
Biology
Margaret Taylor
Spanish, French
Lawrence G. Thome
Physical Education
Fanny Truesdell
Art
Alice Waller
English, Journalism
A. Ethel Wright
Commercial
Charles A. Vaile
Science, Algebra

SCHOOL BOARD

Walter E. Hill, *President*

Mrs. Lena Glass

H. R. Case


CLASSES

Jose Sebastian Yepez

Scholarship (Treas.) 1, 2, 3, 4
Ko-Hi-Nur Staff (Bus. Mgr.) 4
Lemonville (Bus. Mgr.) 4
Latin Club (Treas.) 1, 2
International Club 3
Tennis 4

Lila Fae Roe

Commercial Club 4
Music Club 4
G. A. A. 3, 4
Spanish Club 1

Ruth Ellen Turner

Editor Ko-Hi-Nur 4
Annual Staff 2, 3
G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, (pres.) 4
Scholarship Society 4
Hi-Jinx 3, 4

Cedric McNutt

Debate Team 3
"The Belle of Barcelona" 3

Virginia Neal Paxton

Forensic 1, 2
Sec. of Student Body 3
Football 4
G. A. A. 2, 3, (v. p.) 4
Scholarship Society 1, 2, (pres.) 3, 4
Dramatics Club
"The Arival of Kitty."

Charlotte Allan Fraser

International Club 3
Basketball 4
Operetta 1, 2, 3
Spanish Club 3, 4
Latin Club 1, 2
Lemonville 1, 2

Leonard Pate

Track 2, 3, 4
Basketball 3, 4
Football 4
"The Belle of Barcelona" 3
Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4

Chester J. Lytle

"The Arrival of Kitty" 4
Operetta 1, 2, 3
Music Club (Treas.) 4
Hi-Y 4
Basketball 4
Senior Quartet 4

Margaret Lois Baker

Hi-Jinx 4
Entered from Escondido High School, 1929

Hazel Vienna Lillibridge

Annual Staff (Snapshots) 3
G. A. A. 2, 3, 4
Dramatics Club 3
Orchestra 1
Hi-Jinx 2, 3, 4
Rally 1, 2, 3, 4

Joe Clifford Hattan

Glee Club 2, 3, 4
Commercial Club 4
Hi-Y 4
Football 2, 4
Basketball 2, 3
Baseball 3, 4

Lucile Bond

Ko-Hi-Nur (News Editor) 4
Asst. Editor Annual 3
Class Treas. 3, 4
Hi-Jinx 4
G. A. A. 4
Entered from Alameda High School, 1928

Violet Rae Page

Ko-Hi-Nur Staff (Girls' Sport E.) 4
G. A. A. 2, 3, 4
Hi-Jinx 2
Baseball 2, 3, 4
Annual Staff (Typist) 4
Lemonville 2

Arthur A. Mickel

Radio Club (Vice-Pres) 3
Debate 3
Track 3, 4
Football 3, 4

Algy A. Unruh

Football 3, (Cpt.) 4
Baseball 2, 3, 4
Basketball 3, 4
Ko-Hi-Nur Staff, (Bus. Mgr.) 3
Class Pres. 3
"The Arrival of Kitty" 4

Margaret E. Welch

Forsenic 3
Annual Staff (Activities) 3
President of Bank 4
Ko-Hi-Nur (Exchanges) 4
Class Pres. 3
"The Belle of Barcelona"

Otis Theda Ruth

Scholrship Society 1, 2, 3
Latin Club 1, 2
International Club 1, 2

Paul N. Farmer

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4
Glee Club 1, 2, 3
Music Club 1, 2, 3
Tennis Club 3, 4

Mildred Phillips

Music Club 2, 3 (Vice-Pres.) 4
Operetta 1, 2, 3, 4
Song Leader 3
Annual Staff (Joke Ed.) 4
Hi-Jinx 2, 4
Girls' Quintet 4

Helen Vonee Plymate

Scholarship Society
1, 2, (Vice-Pres.) 3, (Treas.) 4
Debate (Mgr.) 3
Basketball 3, 4
Tennis 2, 3, 4
"The Belle of Barcelona" 3
Annual Staff (Asst Ed.) 3 (Editor) 4

Arthur Thorpe

Annual Staff (Art Ed.) 3
Football 1, 2, 3
Basketball 2, 3, 4
Hi-Y 2, 3, 4
Spanish Club 1, 2, 3
Operetta 2, 3, 4

Earnest M. Harper

Ko-Hi-Nur Staff (Sport Editor) 4
Track 4
Annual Staff (sport editor) 4
Entered from L. A. H. S. 1929

Thelma Thatcher

Scholarship Society 1, 2
Annual Staff (Lit. Ed.) 4
The Arrival of Kitty 4
Lemonville 1, 3
Operetta 1, 3
Asst Sec. Commercial Club 4

Marie Hay

Scholarship Society
(Sec.) 3, (pres.) 4
Class Secretary 3
Volleyball 3 4
Hi-Jinx 1, 2, 4

Dale McCue

When Carrie Comes to College 1
Lemonville 3
Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4
The Arrival of Kitty 4
Basketball 4
Rally 1, 3

Marion Hay

Scholarship Society 3, 4
G. A. A. 3, (Sec. Treas.) 4
Hi-Jinx 1, 2, 3, 4
Volleyball (Capt.) 3, 4
Lemonville 1, 2, 4
Spanish Club 1, 2, 3

Nedine Harriet Fletcher

Hi-Jinx 4
Rally 3
Senior Play Aide 4
Entered from Fremont (Nebraska)
High School, 1928

Tovel T. Slaten

Football 4—"All Conference"
Spanish Club 1, (Vice-Pres.) 4
Music Club 1, 2, (President) 4
Hi-Y 2, 4
Commercial Club (President) 4
Basketball 1, 2

H. Jack Cunningham

Football 1, 2, 4
Student Body Treas. 4
Operetta 2, 3, 4
Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4
Music Club 1, 2, 3, (Vice-Pres.) 4
"The Arrival of Kitty" 4

Pearl E. Lewis

Scholarship Society 2, 3. (V.-P.) 4
Lemonville 2
G. A. A. 2, 3, 4
Annual Staff (Activities Editor) 4
Commercial Club (Sec.) 4
Volleyball 3, 4

Mary Marion Brusso

Lemonville 2
Music Club 2
Spanish Club 2
International Club 2
Commercial Club 4
"The Arrival of Kitty"

Felix Robles Jr.

Football 1, 2, 3, 4
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4
Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4
Track 2, 3
International Club 3
Spanish Club 3

Esther Margaret Rehmke

Entered from Fairfax High School, Hollywood, 1929

Elizabeth Mary Campbell

Class Treas. 2 (Vice-Pres.) 3, 4
Hockey 2, 3, 4
Scholarship Society 2
Operetta 1, 2, 3, 4
Basketball 4
Music Club 1, (Vice-Pres.) 2, 3, (Program Chairman) 4

Glen James

Hi-Y 2, 3
Orchestra 1, 2
Class Treas. 3
Annual Staff (Bus. Mgr.) 3

Dick Ziloli

Football 1, 2, 3, 4
Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4
Track 3, 4
Fire Chief 4
Lemonville 1, 2, 3, 4
"Belle of Barcelona" 3

Betty Morrell Webster

Scholarship Society 4
Music Club (Treas.) 3, (Sec.) 4
"The Arrival of Kitty" 4
Hi-Jinx 3, 4;Rally 4
Annual Staff (Lit. Ed.) 3

Grace Aileen Hemma

Operetta 1, 2, 3, 4
Lemonville 1, 2, 3
Nite Owls 3
Spnish Club 1, 2, 3
Hi-Jinx 1, 2, 3
G. A. A. 2, 3, 4

Frank J. Morrell

Spanish Club 3
Commerical Club 4
Rally 1
Glee Club 1, 2
International Club 3

Lois Janet Adams

Girls' League 1, 2 (Tr.) 3, (Pres.) 4
Student Body Vice-Pres. 4
Annual Staff (Editor) 3
Class Pres. 4
Scholarship Society 1, (Tr.) 2, 3, 4
"The Arrival of Kitty" 4

Bertha L. Otteni

"The Arrival of Kitty" 4
Baseball 4
Hi-Jinx 4; Rally 1
Volleyball 3
G. A. A. 2, 3, 4

Charles Irving Iselin

Basketball 2
Baseball 3, 4
Firemun 4
Class Pres. 1
Ko-Hi-Nur Staff (Reporter) 4

Carl Herkelrath

Rally 1
Baseball 4

Lucille Eugenia Powers

"The Arrival of Kitty" 4
G. A. A. 3, 4
Lemonville 2, 4
Hi-Jinx 4
Ko-Hi-Nur (New Ed) 4

Mary Clark

Scholarship Society 2, 3
Operetta 1, 2
Lemonville 1, 2
Commercial Club 4
Hi-Jinx 1, 2
Nite Owls (Treas.) 3

Clifford Floyd Stark

Football 1, 2, 3, (Cpt.) 4
Nite Owls 3
Fireman 1, 3, 4

Ruby Della Tomer

Operetta 4
Spanish Club 1, 2, 3, 4
Commercial Club 4
G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4
Glee Club 2
International Club 2

Edythe Alleene Walker

Commercil Club 4
Spanish Club 1
Music Club 4
G. A. A. 2, 3, 4
Basketball 4
Baseball 4

Leslie Harper

Art Aaide 4
Stage Work 4
Entered from Los Angeles High School, 1929

Robert Franklin Ewing
Football 1, 2, 3, 4
Baseball 3
Track 3
Class treasurer 1

Jack I. Hallgren
Hi-Y 3, 4
Football 2, (lightweight captain) 3, 4
Debate 3
Rally 3, 4
Music Club 1, 2, 3, 4
"Roamers" 3, 4

Harold Busier
Commercial Club 4

Lawrence Hanna
Football 1, 2, 3, 4
Fireman 3, 4
Rally 3, 4
Senior play 3, 4
Nite Owls 3

Lawrence Brown
Football 1, 2, 4
Spanish Club 2

FAREWELL

Four happy years have passed and gone;
We seniors now must travel on,
Farewell, dear school! We leave thee now.
While others at thy feet will bow;
Our grateful hearts are filled with praise.
May heaven keep thee through the days!

Elizabeth Campbell

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

GRANDPA," said Jack III, "tell 'bout your high school, 'bout your class"

"Well, son," said Jack I, "that was a long time ago. We certainly were scared when the upper-classmen made fun of us, but we soon got over our fears and showed we were full of pep. Rally Night came early in the year our class putting on a mock wedding with June Berg as bride and Fleet Harrison as groom.

"As sophomores we lost no opportunity to share in school activities. Football found Felix, Lawrence Hanna, and Clifford on the heavyweight team. Helen won first prize in the local and honorable mention in the national Butterick Dressmaking Contest. Seven sophomores were in the Honor Society.

"In our junior year, Margaret Welch won first place in the Forensic with her essay, 'Artists and Engineers.' In interclass the junior boys placed first. The girls contributed largely to the school teams. Helen further honored the class by being selected as lead in 'The Belle of Barcelona'. The crowning triumph of this year was the Junior-Senior Banquet, a huge success. The dinner served at the American Legion Home was followed by a theater party at the Fox Riverside.

"Then, my boy, came our last year in high school—our senior year, the happiest, yet the saddest of the four. We chartered a truck and went to the Valley of the Falls, Ditch Day—such a gay and carefree bunch! Yells were given and songs sung until every one was weak with fun and excitement.

"Our senior play, 'The Arrival of Kitty', was a great success, with Thelma as Kitty; Lois as Jane; and Algy as Bob, sweetheart of Jane and impersonator of Kitty. Chester Lytle as William Winkler, an elderly beau; Leonard Pate as Benjamin Moore, a disappointed suitor; Betty Webster as Aunt Jane, a high-strung lady in search of a husband—all proved most amusing. On May 15, the seniors gave for the student body a play entitled 'How the Story Grew'.

"Oh, yes, I almost forgot Lemonville, 'The Lady of the Terrace'. Jack Cunningham was a howling success as the Irish servant; Elizabeth Campbell as the beautiful American girl, and Mildred Phillips in the title role added charm."

"Our class, Jack, was the first to be graduated from any place other than the high school. We held our commencement exercises in the Corona Theater, in the heart of each senior a sincere wish for the success of Corona High."

Grandpa stared at the dancing flames in the big fireplace, a smile of reminiscent pleasure on his face. "Those were the days, the good old days," he murmured. "Ah Jack, just wait till you're a senior. You'll know then something of the joys your grandparents experienced. Jove! I can hear it yet, our class yell in assembly· S-E-N-I-O-R-S! Are we seniors? Well, I guess!'"

Jack III woke with a convulsive start as his mother came to take him off to bed. Jack I smiled sheepishly at his daughter-in-law. "That's all, son. Try to make your class proud of you."

SENIOR PROPHECY

June, 1940

Unkind Fate! How it upsets all our plans! The fate of the class of '30 is enough to make the most hard-hearted person weep bitter tears.

Algy Unruh and Paul Farmer, those gallant souls, are emptying garbage cans in a London slum.

Cedric McNutt and Art Mickel are chimney sweepers in Prado—Art, who always wanted to be a preacher!

Carl Herkelrath and Frankie Morrell both intended to be hangmen; but the rope was destined for their own necks, and now they rest in peace. (?)

The independent Lois Adams is now industriously wheeling a baby carriage and is giving instructions to her new chambermaid, Mildred Phillips.

There is a little door in a little office in Honolulu; and on this door is printed "Robles and Lytle, Dealers in Grass Skirts". Bertha Otteni is employed as a model.

Three persons in the class of '30 were exceptionally lucky. Charlotte Fraser, Art Thorpe, and Leonard Pate are catching bumble bees in Africa and selling the furs at a great profit.

Tovel Slaten is playing the violin in the Great Norco Orchestra, and Helen Plymate is his very famous accompanist.

Dick Zilioli is in West Point. He has high hopes of winning the next war single-handed. Dick always wanted to be an undertaker. Perhaps some sweet day his hopes will be fulfilled.

Marion Hay and Lawrence Brown waged a bitter political battle over the presidency of France; but women always have their way. Lawrence is back at his home in the mountains, operating a still.

Lucille Bond has just obtained a divorce from her fifth husband, Harold Busier. Husbands are a habit with Lucy.

Jack Cunningham and Lawrence Hanna are striving to obtain a place for the United States in the World Court. Perhaps where others have not succeeded, they may succeed.

Robert Ewing and Mary Brusso decided to go to China to help the poor little Chinese children; but since their departure, no word has been heard from them.

Joe Hatton is still working at the shoe store. Not much chance for advancement, but you can't depend on rumor!

Elizabeth Campbell, Mary Clark, Nedine Fletcher, and Esther Rehmke are all in the United States Legislature. They are trying to pass a law to remove men from Congress and deny them the right to vote.

Margaret Welch and Ruby Tomer are matrons in a home for orphans—Pity the orphans!

Grace Hemma and Ruth Turner have joined the circus as fat ladies.

Pearl Lewis and Margaret Baker have joined Ziegfield's Chorus. How they make the masculine hearts flutter!

Jose Yepez has become President of Mexico! (Remember the Civics reception?)

Ernest Harper and Charles Iselin have good positions in a Los Angeles department store, picking fleas off the Teddy Bears.

Dale McCue is teaching a class in "The Art of Making Love".

Leslie Harper has a job entertaining the fishes. His favorite selection is "A Life on the Ocean Wave".

On a certain street in Norco there is a store with a sign which reads "Clifford Stark & Company, Junk Dealers", Edythe Walker is employed as secretary.

Glen James is an office boy for the Los Angeles Times. Poor Glen always hoped to be an editor at least.

Lila Roe, Lucille Powers, and Otis Ruth are in China nursing the ferocious invalid, Ching-Won-Chu. The brave girls!

Thelma Thatcher is secretary to Violet Page, world's amatuer typing champion.

Virginia Paxton is on the Girls' All-American Baseball Team. Practice makes perfect.

Hazel Lillibridge is cook for the President of the United States. Hazel has progressed rapidly.

Since Marion has become President of France, poor Marie Hay is very sad. She is trying to drown her sorrow by entering into the wild, bad life of gay Paree!

Mr. Hancock is still doing very nicely, thank you, under the able management of his charming wife.

Betty Webster is telling Bug-house Fables during the children's hour over station BUNK.

Last but very far from least, Miss Stewart was found still classifying "bugs", this time of the variety known as "genus homo", located in various state institutions, her favorite studies and specimens being found at Patton.

A VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

"Honorable Faculty, Most Worthy Students, and Friends:

"On this, my last occasion to be with you, I should like to say a few words to prove that my stay in your midst has not been in vain, and also to give you a most important message.

"In promulgating your esoteric cogitations or articulating your superficial sentimentalities, beware of platudinous ponderosity, eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, suggestive or apparent.

"In other words, speak plainly, clearly, and briefly. Don't put on airs. Say what you mean and mean what you say; and don't use big words."

MARY BENDER

JUNIOR CLASS

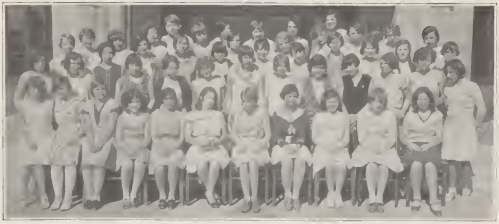
AS freshmen, members of the class of 1931 participated in very few activities. We had representatives on the lightweight and pee-wee squads in basketball and football, however; and our debating team won the interclass championship.

As sophomores, we placed more men on the teams. A large part of the chorus of the operetta, "The Belle of Barcelona", were sophomores. Carol Cunningham and Wilson Briggs had minor leads.

Now, we of the class of 1931 are juniors. We started at the first of the year to surpass the records that we made as sophomores and freshmen. Our rally stunt was marionette show featuring "The Three Bears". Then came football. Wilson Briggs, Herbert Smith, Bob Simpson, Weldon McPherson, and Wilfred Guffy all made the heavy-weight team. Basketball found many of the boys on all three teams. In track, Monte Nutter and Robert Shank had the privilege of representing our school at the Southern California track-meet. Phyllis Hill was girls' tennis captain. Helen Knoll managed debating; and she and Vivian Peeler, Harriette Hall, and Pierce Harwell were on the school debating team. Harriette Hall and Monte Nutter are the school yell-leaders. Jeanette Toolen, Carol Cunningham, and Wilson Broggs have leads in the school operetta, "The Lady of the Terrace". Marjorie Carlson, Vivian Peeler, and Pierce Harwell have made quite a name for themselves starring in dramatic class productions. Three of our class, Marjorie Carlson, Phyllis Hill, and Carol Cunningham, are Girls' League officers. This year's class officers are—

President: ORVILLE VEACH
Vice Pres.: JOHN BROWNELL
Secretary: CAROL CUNNINGHAM
Treasurers ROBERTA ELY

—MILDRED BROCKMAN



SOPHOMORE CLASS

OUR class of 1932 is going forward in its sophomore year with the same interest and class spirit shown when we were freshmen. Jack Woodward and John Buzan upheld the honor of the class on the football team. Corinne Masterson won the Thome Trophy in the girls' tennis tournament.

Our sophomore rally stunt consisted of two numbers: a short play entitled "Sofapillio", a take-off on the very tragic type of play in which every one dies, and a pirate farce given by a group of boys. Both of these proved very clever and were exceedingly well done.

Patricia Mahoney, Donald Smith, and Harry Whitcomb won the interclass debate championship and the Metropolitan Life Insurance trophy.

Our officers are

Persident: Jack Woodward
Vice-President: Berlyn Brockman
Secretary—Jewel Boyd
Treasurer: Walter Blair.

—Madeline Clark

FRESHMEN

ON September 10, 1929, quite a large group of know-nothings scrambled around in the halls of Corona High. Most of them got safely into their first period classes, but the other seven were visited in rather a daze of confusion. This conversation took place between more than one pair of freshmen that day:

First Frosh—"That was the second wrong class that I've been in to-day."

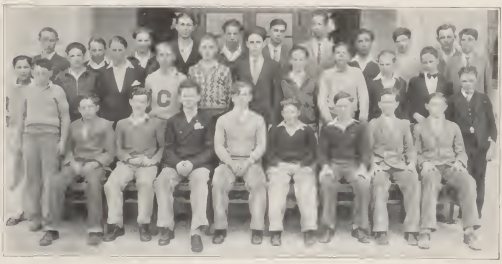
Second Frosh—"Consider yourself lucky. That was my fourth."

The freshmen finally became settled, only to have Freshman Initiation upset them again. But it's all in a lifetime, and the freshmen soon became very grown up.

The class officers are as follows:

President—Paul Wilson
Vice-President—Joseph Landon
Secretary—Cloyce Overholt
Treasurer—Juanita Shadle.

—Emogene Morrow




ACTIVITIES
L. HARPER

THE CORONAL

Helen Plymate
Editor-in-Chief

Marie Hay
Snapshot Editor

Marion Hay
Art Editor

Allan Haines
Business Manager

Miss Truesdell
Art Advisor

Ernest Harper
Boy's Sport Editor

John Brownell
Assistant Advertising Manager

Violet Page
Typist

Miss Mitchell
Faculty Advisor

Thelma Thatcher
Literary Editor

Melvin Clark
Advertising Manager

Pearl Lewis
Activities Editor

Helen Henneuse
Associate Editor

Alma Conlee
Girls' Sport Editor

Mildred Phillips
Joke Editor

Albert McCurdy
Assistant Business Manager

THE STUDENT BODY

President—Helen Plymate
Vice-President—Lois Adams
Secretary—Allan Haines
Treasurer—Jack Cunningham

THE Student Body, largest of all school organizations, represents every class and supervises most school activities.

To stimulate enthusiasm for the opening of the football season, the entire student body joins in observing Rally Night, each class contributing a stunt. After the program, the crowd adjourns to rally around a huge bonfire, join in school songs and yells, and devour substantial "eats". This year's Rally was doubly exciting because, despite careful guarding, the bonfire was twice prematurely lighted.

Thursday of every second week, Student Body assemblies were held. School songs, yells, important announcements, programs, newsreels, educational films, and interesting speakers were enjoyed. Exciting indeed was Freshman Initiation Week, when drastic rules governed frosh conduct. Those who dared to disobey were tried before the official tribunal. Lemonville was successfully combined with the operetta.

Among the many speakers who honored Corona High was Mr. Reverdy Harris, whose illustrated talk on Alaska stimulated interest in that too-little-known territory. The University of Redlands Girls' Glee Club and the Aeolian Quartette of La Verne College delighted the students with programs of music and readings.

The efficiency and energy of the Student Body officers certainly have made this year an outstanding one in the school's history.

—Margaret Welch

THE SCHOLARSHIP SOCIETY

FIRST SEMESTER	*OFFICERS*	*SECOND SEMESTER*
Marie Hay	*President*	Madeline Clark
Tyler Thompson	*Vice-President*	Marvin Johnson
Corinne Masterson	*Secretary*	Marion Hay
Eloise Gist	*Treasurer*	Helen Plymate

Advisor—Miss Katherine Stewart

Membership in the Scholarship Society is indeed a coveted honor, for this organization maintains the highest of standards both in scholarship and in outside activities.

When one is a member of the Scholarship Society for two semesters, he is given a pin which he may keep as long as he is in the society. Each year, California Scholarship Federation pins are awarded to those who have belonged to the society for at least six semesters, one of them in the senior year. This is a big honor, and very few receive these pins. Those earning pins this year are Helen Plymate, Pearl Lewis, and Jose Yepez.

Many privileges not accorded other students of the school are awarded the members of this group. The society holds one picnic or party each semester, and at the end of the year all those who have belonged for either semester join in one big celebration. The party held during the first semester of this year at the home of Miss Katherine Stewart and the Japanese Doll Show viewed at the Rubidoux Mission Inn are pleasant memories to those privileged to attend.

Ruby Lewis

KO-HI-NUR

THE Ko-Hi-Nur, under the capable direction of Miss Waller, has made rapid progress. Editor-in-chief Ruth Turner, in co-operation with Mr. Butcher and the printing classes, has done splendid work and deserves a great deal of credit for working so faithfully and making the publication a success.

Thanks to the diligent efforts of our Exchange Editor, Margaret Welch, our exchanges have increased in number from ten to sixty, coming from schools as far away as Alaska and Hawaii.

The source of income being larger than in previous years, the staff of the Ko-Hi-Nur has enlarged the paper, which was formerly four pages in length, to six pages. They have also made a change in the joke page, calling it APPLESAUCE instead of CRABAPPLE. The members of the staff are chosen from the journalism class, all of whom were rather inexperienced in the editing of a paper.

In November, Miss Waller and Ruth Turner attended a Press Convention in Long Beach, where they spent an enjoyable as well as educational day.

The staff of the Ko-Hi-Nur is as follows:

Editor—Ruth Turner
Boys' Sport Editor—Ernest Harper
News Editors—Lucille Bond
Lucille Powers
Exchange Editor—Margaret Welch
Business Manager—Jose Yepez
Joke Editor—Vivian Peeler
Advertising Manager—Orville Veach
Reporters—Charles Iselin
Monte Nutter
Mildred Brockman
Alma Conlee
Faculty Advisor—Alice Waller
Printing Instructor—Mr. Butcher

—Lucille Powers

COMMERCIAL CLUB

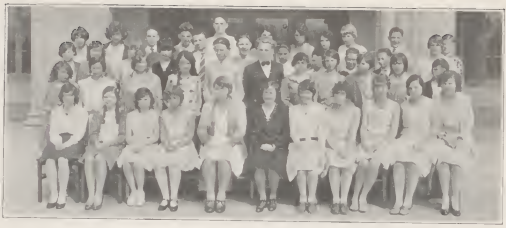
FIRST SEMESTER	*OFFICERS*	*SECOND SEMESTER*
Donald Carruth	*President*	Tovel Slaten
Irma Lytle	*Vice-President*	Donald Carruth
Pearl Lewis	*Secretary*	Pearl Lewis
Tyler Thompson	*Treasurer*	Tyler Thompson

The newly organized Commercial Club, sponsored by Miss Wright and Miss Neel, has proved very helpful to the commercial students this year. Carrying out its motto, "to promote self-government and a better understanding between faculty and students", the club introduced into the Corona high school something new and different—student self-government.

The meetings of the club are held weekly. Many interesting speakers have addressed the club; and very frequently the group has held open meetings, at which time the entire student body were guests. One of the most interesting features sponsored by the club was the open discussion of business etiquette, which was taken up in several of the meetings.

The Commercial Club has certainly made splendid progress this year, and the commercial students fully appreciate what has been done for them.

Donald Carruth



S. P. Q. R.

Consuls
Dorothy Moore
Marvin Johnson
Censors
Corinne Masterson
Robert Snedecor
Tribune
Elise Dean
Praetor
Tyler Thompson

Quaestors
May Keast
Suzanne Gould
Curule Aediles
Madeline Clark
Donald Smith
Yvonne Toolen
Patricia Mahoney
Willien Puder

Advisor: Mrs. Hyatt

THE "S. P. Q.", being interpreted, is "Senatus Populusque Romanus", the name used by the Latin Club. This title was taken from the inscription found on the official shield carried by representatives of the ancient Roman Empire. Any student taking Latin has the privilege of becoming a member of this interesting organization, which holds monthly meetings. Business and entertainment—such as plays, guessing games, and crossword puzzles—hold the interest of the members throughout the time of meeting. So proficient in the use of the Roman language have certain member become that, during the sessions of our famous "Model School", they were able to conduct their classes entirely in Latin, with students acting as teachers.

The duties of the various officers are definitely prescribed. The Consuls preside at alternate meetings. The Censors check attendance and maintain order. The Quaestors are secretary and treasurer. The Curule Aediles plan programs and entertainment. The Tribune makes posters, and the Praetor awards honors and points.

The final meeting of the club, a picnic, held in the local park, proved a fitting climax to a year of profit and enjoyment.

Catherine Ashworth

LAS PANTERAS

Las Panteras, newly organized Spanish Club which is composed of first and second year students, meets in the music room once a month. The purpose of the organization is that all its members may become better acquainted with the Spanish language and customs. At each meeting, a program of short Spanish sketches, music or a talk by an outside speaker is featured. Fascinating Spanish games, crossword puzzles, and other diversion furnished by Miss Taylor add to the enjoyment Las Panteras derive from their gatherings. The members are extremely proud of their insignia, an enameled bronze pin in shield shape, bearing the arms of Spain. To this is attached a guard in the form of a large "C". "Las Panteras," be it understood, is Spanish for "The Panthers."

The officers who work so industriously for the benefit of the club are these:

President—Harriette Hall
Vice-Pres—Tovel Slaten
Secretary—Alice Currier
Treasurer—Wilson Briggs
Advisor—Miss Taylor

Leora Slaten
Irene Patchin

DEBATING

Harry Johnson
Carol Cunningham
Helen Knoll (Manager)
Pierce Harwell
Vivian Peeler
Harriette Hall
Patricia Mahoney
Harry Whitcomb, Jr.

Mr. Goodwill, Coach

Debating activities in Corona High are listed in two categories: interclass and league. Interest in the two has increased steadily throughout the past three years, and competition is hot and exciting.

Class teams, competing for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company trophy, debated on the question: "Resolved, that the contributions of Edward Livingston Tradeau toward the happiness, health, and well-being of mankind are superior to those of John D. Rockefeller." Freshmen and seniors were eliminated in preliminary meets, leaving the judges to decide between sophomores and juniors. Final decision went to the sophomores, last year's champions, who upheld the affirmative.

For financial reasons, the League officials this year experimented with the "no-decision plan," doing away with judges and leaving the outcome of the argument to be settled in the minds of the audience. Corona met San Bernardino and Colton while this arrangement was being tried; but before the second debate, the system was abandoned as unsatisfactory.

This second and last League debate of the year, on the question "Resolved, that the United States should adopt the thirteen-month calendar," was lost; the negative to Colton by a split decision, the affirmative to San Bernardino by a three-to-nothing vote.

Inasmuch as this year's team is composed entirely of lower-classmen, next year should see a seasoned squad giving stiff competition to debators from the larger schools. In fact, we're counting on them to "bring home the bacon."

Violet Page
Thelma Thatcher

G. A. A.

President—Ruth Turner
Vice-President—Virginia Paxton
Secretary-Treasurer—Marion Hay

THIS year the G. A. A., under the able direction of Miss Horst and Miss Taylor, the new tennis coach, has shown up very well.

The purpose of the Girls' Athletic Association is to promote better health, sportsmanship, and co-operation among the girls of our school.

The February playday of the Tri-County League was held at Corona, with Barstow and Victorville, two new schools, competing for the first time. Corona won the cup, having twenty-five points, Bonita running a close second with twenty-two-and-one-half points. A second playday was held at Chino in May.

Each year a sweater is given to each girl receiving one thousand points. This year, sweaters were awarded to Vivian Peeler, Helen Walker, Helen Plymate, Helen Henneuse, Evelyn Roberds, and Harriette Hall. Phyllis Hill and Ruth Turner have already received sweaters.

When a girl receives three-hundred and fifty points, she is awarded a letter; and for every additional three-hundred and fifty points she receives a star. To the winning class teams are awarded numerals, given out in Student Body assemblies.

At the end of each year a G. A. A. banquet is held. Here sweaters are awarded and the new officers are installed.

Th G. A. A. succeeded this year in passing a set of rules prescribed by the executives of the organization. These rules raise the number of points required for a letter, and prohibit the awarding of articles of intrinsic value. Since these changes meet requirements for admission into the Southern California Federation of G.A.A.'s, we hope soon to become an accredited member of that organization.

—Ruth Turner

THE GIRLS' LEAGUE

MADE up of all the girls of the school, the Girls' League is really a wonderful help because it gives its members opportunity to work and play together and enables them to become better acquainted. General meetings are held every other Wednesday. Programs, business, or general round-table discussions occupy the time. League Council meetings are held on the alternate Wednesdays.

This year's Girls' League Convention was held at Phoenix. Our delegates, Lois Adams and Marjorie Carlson, considered themselves fortunate to be able to attend this gathering of girls from the great Southwest.

Hi-Jinx, an annual entertainment put on entirely by the League, was presented on the evening of October 15, 1929. The program was indeed very entertaining; most fascinating of all was our dainty queen, Lois Janet Adams, with her train of followers. The major part of the funds received was used in charity work. At Christmas, baskets containing foods and toys were given to the less fortunate people of the community. During the spring season, the League entertained twice: once with a formal tea for the mothers of its members, and once for the eighth grade girls from the Junior High.

The years officers were

President: Lois Adams
Vice-Pres: Marjorie Carlson
Treasurer: Phyllis Hill
Secretary: Carol Cunningham
Advisor: Miss Horst

—Bertha Otteni

STUDENT BODY MUSICAL ORGANIZATIONS

The Student Body has drafted throughout the year the services of four musical organizations: girls' quintet, senior boys' quartet, sophomore boys' quartet, and orchestra. The vocal groups are coached by Miss Mary Brown and Mr. Vaile; the orchestra is led by Mr. Franklin.

The quintet is composed of seniors and juniors; Mildred Phillips, Elizabeth Campbell, Jeanette Toolen, Carol Cunningham, and Eloise Gist. "The Roamers," senior quartet, who first gained prominence by their singing at the Corona's Theatre's New Year's Frolic, include Tovel Slaten, Jack Hallgren, Chester Lytle, and Jack Cunningham. Messers. Tyler Thompson, Albert McCurdy, Beryln Brockman, and Marvin Johnson compose the sophomore quartet, which gives promise of increasing excellence of work. These groups have sung for the churches and the service clubs, and appeared in public reitals at the high school.

The High School Symphony Orchestra, with a personnel numbering twenty-eight, has studied both classical and popular music. Its playing at various school functions and throughout the public recital presented at the Corona Theatre has won much favorable comment from townspeople and critics, and Mr. Franklin is to be congratulated on the results of his training.

TOM SLATEN

HI-Y

THE Corona Hi-Y is a club organized for the purpose of "creating, maintaining, and extending throughout the school and community high standards of Christian character". We have a motto to which all of our Hi-Y boys try to live up: "Clean Living, Clean Speech, Clean Sports, and Clean Scholarship". Special days have been set aside in the school to emphasize this motto; one is called "Clean Living and Clean Speech Day", and another is called "Clean Sports and Clean Scholarship Day".

This year the club as a whole has probably made more progress than ever before, although the club has proved very successful and helpful in the past. Most of the credit for this year's advancement is due to Robert Shank, who has certainly set the club on the right track. Meetings are held every two weeks. During the meetings, problems that the boys meet in every day life are discussed. These discussions are lead by the pastors, faculty members, or business men of Corona. The meetings prove a great help to the schoolboy and fit him to overcome obstacles encountered in later years.

The Hi-Y has had several special meetings, Mothers' Night and Fathers' Night being the most outstanding.

These officers have co-operated in helping put the Hi-Y over this year:

President—Robert Shank
Vice-President—Herbert Smith
Secretary and Treasurer—Wilson Briggs
Advisor—Mr. Wight

—Wilson Briggs

SENIOR PLAY

IT WAS March 28. The auditorium of Corona High was crowded with parents and friends. The usherettes in white skirts and sweaters were hurrying back and forth. At last, in a hushed silence, the curtain was drawn; "The Arrival of Kitty" had begun. Before our eyes was the office of a hotel in a secluded mountain resort. Ting, a bell-boy in uniform (Jack Cunningham), slept soundly while Sam, a big colored porter in swallow-tail coat and fancy vest, tried to awaken him. At last Sam (Dale McCue) succeeded, and then the fun began.

Over two hours of fun, jealousy, conspiracy, and happiness followed. Aunt Jane (Betty Webster) furnished her part, for Aunt Jane was really proud of herself. She was sure she still had many suitors, but craved a husband. Benjamin Moore (Leonard Pate), as Jane's official but unappreciated fiance, was unforgettable. Jane (Lois Adams), the charming ingenue, fell quite hard for Bobbie Baxter (Algy Unruh), a very high-minded suitor and as clever a masquerader as any audience could desire. William Winkler, a sly gentleman with a fondness for money, was played exceedingly well by Chester Lytle.

A merry, fast-moving comedy of irrepressible youth, the play was full of pep and laughter, especially when Kitty, a pert and flirtatious actress, came upon the scene. Thelma Thatcher was indeed the ideal Kitty. Aunt Jane's pretty French maid (Virginia Paxton) supplied smelling salts and carried notes with perfect sangfroid.

Too soon the performance was over, one of the best senior plays given in Corona High School. To Miss Waller is due much of the undoubted success of "The Arrival of Kitty."

LEMONVILLE

From time immemorial, Lemonville has been a gala event for alumni and friends of Corona High. Orginally a burlesque on school life, it has progressed through various stages of development, the present Executive Board of the Student Body having decreed that henceforth it shall take the form of an operetta.

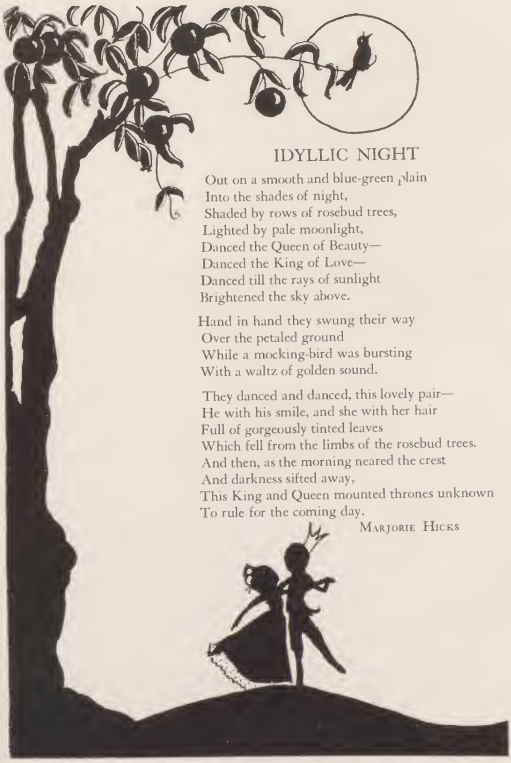
"The Lady of the Terrace," the 1930 Lemonville, presented on the evening of May 16, was a typically Irish operetta. Sir Gerald Craughmont (Tyler Thompson) found that his decently inherited family estate was badly run down and heavily mortgaged to his uncle, Squire Michael (Pierce Harwell), who was planning to foreclose and gain title to the property. For financial reasons, Gerald rented the castle for the summer to Mr John Chandler (Wilson Briggs), a wealthy American. Mr. Chandler's daughter Clara (Elizabeth Campbell) was fascinated by an old Irish legend related by Gerald. One night, now deeply in love with the story— and, incidentally, with Gerald—Clara donned the gown of the Lady of the Terrace and found that spectre's pendant, missing for some hundred years. Her task thus ended, the Lady of the Terrace (Mildred Phillips) was heard singing, as she disappeared forever.

Keen comedy was furnished by two Irish servants, Dennis (Jack Cunningham) and Molly (Patricia Creech), and by Clarence (Joseph Landon), an Englishman who takes very seriously himself and his infatuation for Gerald's sister, Peggy (Jeanette Toolen). Carol Cunningham as Gerald's aunt, Lady Eileen Stanford, completed an excellent cast.

The audience gave every indication of having been completely carried along on the rapid tide of comedy and melodrama which swept "The Lady of the Terrace" to a successful conclusion.

MARGARET WELCH


LITERARY
J. GUFFEY
L. HARPER



IDYLLIC NIGHT

Out on a smooth and blue-green plain
Into the shades of night,
Shaded by rows of rosebud trees,
Lighted by pale moonlight,
Danced the Queen of Beauty—
Danced the King of Love—
Danced till the rays of sunlight
Brightened the sky above.

Hand in hand they swung their way
Over the petaled ground
While a mocking-bird was bursting
With a waltz of golden sound.

They danced and danced, this lovely pair—
He with his smile, and she with her hair
Full of gorgeously tinted leaves
Which fell from the limbs of the rosebud trees.
And then, as the morning neared the crest
And darkness sifted away,
This King and Queen mounted thrones unknown
To rule for the coming day.

MARJORIE HICKS

A CASE OF LATE SPRING FEVER

"And remember, Puggins, that those poor hoses need a little attention in between your games of marbles, skipping rope, and the like! The idea, anyway, of a person your age not being able to grow up is beyond my knowledge." Finally, angry at having to repeat these instructions, Mr. Willins slammed the kitchen door shut, leaving Puggins to go about his chores in the warm sunshine of a late spring morning.

In spite of the fact that he was expecting a sixty-sixth birthday that summer, Puggins had never outgrown his boyish dislike for work or his continual longing to play with the boys of the village. "She's a good wife, Molly is; she just don't understand me," he murmured as he walked slowly towards the barn.

"Hi, Puggy!"

Puggins peeped in through the barn doorway; and, as his eyes became more accustomed to the shadowy interior, he was able to see the smiling face of his little pal, Tommy Tailor.

Tommy, a freckle-faced, happy-go-lucky little ragamuffin disliked by the girls, admired and envied by the boys, and thought of with horror by the teachers, was happily unaware of it all. He knew less than nothing about books but "heaps about fishin'," as he had told Puggins at their first meeting.

"Howdy, Tommy," grinned Puggins, as he walked over to the boy, who was rubbing the back of one of the horses as it stood in a stall, chewing contentedly on some hay.

'Why, Tom," exclaimed Puggins, when he noticed the hay, "who fed the horses?"

"I did," Tommy answered, "because I've got a swell plan for to-day. I want you to go fishin' with me."

Puggins was delighted with the plan; but remembering his wife, he hid his enthusiasm from the lad, saying "But, Tommy this is a school-day; and so, of course, I couldn't let—". Puggins stopped suddenly; he could not resist the temptation no longer. He saw a cool little stream, called Gladbrook, which murmured its way along the back of his farm. He spied Tommy and himself seated on one of the logs by the stream, inspecting the fat worms as they wiggled at the ends of the two fishing lines, and gazing down at the silver fish gliding along in the water.

About fifteen minutes later, Mrs. Willins, looking from the window above her sink, discovered Puggins, a fishing-pole in his hand, sneaking around behind the barn. His companion was equipped in like manner.

Molly Willins smiled as she watched the two culprits give one anxious look towards the house, and then disappear down the little dirt road through the pasture.

"So they are going fishing; and Tommy, naughty boy, is playing 'hooky' as usual." The smile spread all over Mrs. Willin's face and suddenly broke into a low chuckle; at last the time had arrived to cure Puggins of his foolishness.

"Why, Molly," cried Puggins as he stumbled over to his wife, "how did you find out where I was?"

Mrs. Willins pretended that she didn't hear her husband; again thanking Jeremiah for his help, she took Puggins by the arm and led him from the building.

"Well, Mr. Williams, how did you enjoy school to-day?"

Willins looked curiously at his wife. Suddenly he understood why Jeremiah had acted so strangely. "It was because he wanted that money of Molly's," he murmured.

"What were you saying, Puggins?" Mrs. Willins demanded.

"Oh," Puggins answered, remembering that he wasn't alone, "I was just saying that I enjoyed going to school a lot. Yes, I enjoyed it; and I think it's kinda good for a person to know about books, too. Guess I'll see to it that Tommy goes regular, after this."

"Now that'll be fine," cried Mrs. Willins, believing that her plans had succeeded and Puggins was cured. Then, thinking it wise to appear sympathetic, she said, "You will be quite lonely, though, won't you, Puggins? For with Tommy in school, you won't be able to go fishing so often."

"Oh, I'll get along all right, Molly. I'll just wait around the school-house until Tommy gets out, and then we'll go fishin' at Gladbrook." Puggins had a hard time trying to keep his face straight while he watched the growing alarm on his wife's countenace.

Mrs. Willins saw that her day's labor and high hopes of curing Puggins had been in vain. She murmured in a meek, defeated voice, "Oh, surely! That's what you can do, and it won't bother you at all to have Tom attend school."

"Yes," grinned Puggins; "and, who knows, perhaps they'll teach him some more about fishin'."

CATHERINE ASHWORTH

A MUSING ON "HOME"

When life is dull and painful too,
When you are lonesome and feeling blue—
Memories leave you, and you're alone—
Dream of home! Dream of home!

When there's a pounding in your heart,
When something's tearing you apart,
Think of others you have known—
Dream of home! Dream of home!

When on the brink of death you stand,
And you're visioning the promised land—
You're visioning the great unknown—
You're going home! You're going home!

PIERCE HARWELL

ANECDOTES ANCESTRAL AND OTHERWISE

1. AN ANCIENT ANCESTOR

As we sat by the fireside, my father told this story: "Once upon a time there was a wicked pirate who sailed the seas and captured all of the ships carrying gold. On one of his voyages, he sailed up to the coast of California and planted a sign. The sign was destroyed, somehow or other; and he never got the credit for discovering California, because he never told many people about his visit. Later, some other men discovered California for the second time and got all of the credit.

But this man did not need to have the credit; he was a haughty pirate and stole the gold from the Spanish and English trading ships. His name was Sir Francis Drake. He was one of your many ancestors—not, to be sure, a good one. A really good one is Napoleon "Bony Parts", whom we are glad to have. This shows you are part French, and YOU MUST STUDY YOUR FRENCH HARDER. The grade you get in French is not good enough."

JOY JAMESON, JR.

2. HOLY TROUSERS

It was one of those wonderful summer nights in dear old Arizona. We had been playing hide and seek; but dusk overtook us, and we sat down upon the porch. Grandpa knew that we wanted a story; so he cleared his throat and began:

"Tuesday was my mother's sewing day; and as a result of her laboring I had a pair of blue-green plaid trousers added to my wardrobe.

"Now these trousers had been made over from a pair belonging to my older brother. Feeling a little independent, I didn't like them at all. I argued and fretted about having to wear them, but finally had to put them on. All day I was the joke of the school, the boys insulting me by calling me 'mama's baby'.

"I was fed up on these slurs; so, with a friend of mine, I ditched school that afternoon and went to what was then called 'Baldy'. This was a hill to the south of my home town, Corona, and was all it was said to be—slick as a button.

"My friend and I slid down this hill until our trousers were in shreds. After an hour of what seemed fun, I stormed into the house, only to be met—the first thing!—by my mother. She looked disgustedly at my trousers, stalked out to the wood-shed, and returned with a stout switch. You can imagine what followed! I want to assure you that I never wore out any more plaid trousers."

BETTY FRANCISCO

3. AN UNEXPECTED BATH

One day, a couple of summers ago, when I was standing on a dock watching boats go by, I heard footsteps behind me. I turned around. Not a foot away from

me was a load of boxes seven feet high and about as broad, piled on a two-wheeled cart similiar to those used at a feed store. The person propelling the vehicle did not know how close to the edge of the dock he was, and so kept on coming.

"Good night!" I exclaimed to myself. "Isn't he going to stop?"

Before I could yell a protest, I—along with the load of boxes—was shoved off into the water. A moment later, I crawled up the bank, probably better off for the ducking.

DONALD NEWTON

4. A LONG-REMEMBERED PUNISHMENT

Lorenzo De Beal, William and Raymond Chambers, and I were hiking home from the scout camp in the hills south of town. As we neared a group of bee-hives, some one suggested that one of us procure some honey for the rest. This task, alas, fell on me! Arraying myself in all the available coats and sweaters until I felt quite safe, I took a knife and succeeded in removing the lid of the hive. But I got no farther; for, according to the other boys, there were from fifty to seventy-five angry bees buzzing around my head. I gathered together my things and set out. I went steadily for half a mile. By that time the bees were gone. I had learned my lesson and received my punishment, for I had been stung seven times.

MAURICE ROBINSON

5. AN UNFORTUNATE BAKING DAY

Making mud pies was always an engrossing occupation to me as a youngster. But this fascinating pastime led me into one of the worst predicaments of my young life.

We were having a new cement floor put in our front porch. The cement was all ready when I arrived on the scene. Nobody being in sight, I started an orgy of pie-making. The box was high and I was small; so I decided to climb in and have things more convenient. This I did, and sat down to continue my work. All went well for a time, but soon I began to feel uncomfortable.

"What kind of mud is this?" I wondered.

"The mud I have played in before never acted this way."

I leave to your imagination what might have happened had not mother missed me and, fearing I was in mischief, come to investigate. She found her surmise well-grounded. When next I made my appearance, the mud-pie business was taboo, though I could not understand why.

MARY BENDER

A WATERY ACCIDENT

One time when I was at a friend's down by the Santa Ana River, I met with an accident. These people had a hammock placed dangerously near the edge of the

water. However, we children gave the matter little or no thought and gaily started in swinging. When my turn came, I decided to swing higher than the rest had gone. I succeeded in going highest, but I didn't have enough sense to stop then. I kept on going higher and higher. Oh, what fun until—splash! ! A few seconds later, a wet and bedraggled figure crawled up onto the bank. It was none other than "Yours truly", who had at last fallen from his lofty but dangerous perch and was sadder and wiser for his experience.

TERRY WARE

7. AN EXPERIENCE WITH A RAM

My great-grandfather, a sheep-raiser, once sent to Spain for a ram of a certain rare breed. The ram cost $500., which was at that time a small fortune. This ram was kept in a field which every one was forbidden to enter.

One day my grandmother and great-uncle had an errand to do. They had to go around this field. If they could only go through the field! They thought of their father's rule, but decided to risk his displeasure.

They started across the field. When they reached the center, the ram came charging toward them. They ran and were able to keep away from him for some time, but were not able to make any head-way toward the other side of the field. Finally, Grandmother began to tire. Then my great-uncle conceived a brilliant idea. He placed Grandmother behind a tree, and he stood in front of it. The ram charged. Just as the animal reached him, my great-uncle stepped aside. The ram, crashing into the tree. broke his neck.

The two children were greatly relieved, but suddenly a wave of horror swept over them. They had entered the forbidden field and caused their father's prize ram to be killed!

A sorrowful-looking couple reached home a little later and told their story. I think it would be best to draw the curtain here. It is not always kind to pry too deeply into details.

FRANCES HENNEUSE

8. HANDLING A KNIFE

When my great-grandmother was a young woman and was living in a large log cabin, my great-grandfather had to go away on business. They lived in Tennessee and owned a great many slaves. With the slaves around the house, she did not feel afraid. Nevertheless, that night, when she went to bed, she put the money and other valuables under her pillow. She also laid a gun and knife on a table beside her.

The cracks between the logs of the house were very wide, but had been stopped up. That night she heard a little scratching noise very near her pillow, as if some one were digging at the wall outside. She lay there listening. Pretty soon the sound

stopped but she felt the cold air coming in by her head. Everything was quiet, and she was just about ready to get up and see what the matter was when she felt a hand under her pillow. She siezed the knife, jerked the pillow up, and stuck the knife into the hand just as it was taking the money. The hand jerked back through the wall, and she heard a low moan and a rush of footsteps.

In the morning she found blood under her pillow and on the ground outside. The money and vaualbles were safe, but the maruader was gone.

EILEEN GREGORY

(Just to show that Corona High claims no monoply on literary merit, we include this gem from Henry David Thoreau.)

"Aim above morality. Be not simpy good; be good for something."

THE CORNERSTONE OF LIFE

Have you ever stopped to think that we all have a cornerstone or foundation in life, whether it be good or evil, harmful or helpful? There come moments in all our lives when something happens to change or influence our entire existence. Sometimes it is for the worst; other times it is for the best.

The cornerstone is built up within ourselves from ambition and courage. faith and hope, purity and trust. Sometimes it is made of folly and conceit, jealousy and hate.

Out in the open, where human life is pure and simple, where man's problems are easy to solve, where all true genius is born, lived Michael the shepherd. He was stout of heart and strong of limb, and lived a life as humble and beautiful as the Hillsides of all Greenhead Ghyll. How often he had climbed the steep mountainside, following his sheep!

He knew all the hardships and sorrows that sneak into one's life. Yet he was happy; for he loved all that he had: his son, his home, and his sheep. He was a man whose life, simple as it seemed, was truly successful.

Then the time came when he must part with his only son, a boy whose well-being meant all the world to him. They stood by the pile of stones.

"This was work for us both", Michael said. "But now, son, it is work for me. Lay one stone with thine own hands. Should evil men be thy companions in years to come, think of me and this moment."

Then the boy went out into the world. That was his cornerstone. Would he be influenced by the ways of the world, infamous deeds, crimes of those who were too much involved with the world? Or would he keep the tradition of goodness symbolized by that one little stone back at Greenhead Ghyll?

OTIS RUTH

KING RED

KING Red was a roan stallion, the leader of a large band of wild horses in Arizona. He was known all over the coast for his wildness and beauty. Young as he was, he was experienced; he knew the trickery of men and was always distrustful of them. He was coveted by many men noted for their prowess in catching wild horses; but this was one horse who, chased with the utmost skill, was free, wild and untamed. All over the wilderness, aptly named "Prairie of Dread", he had led his small band. One time he was found seven hundred miles from his usual feeding-ground.

On an unusually warm day in the middle of August, King Red led his band to a watering-hole that he had visited only once or twice. He stood on a jutting crag overlooking the green-bordered water-hole. His satiny red skin caught every ray of the noon-day sun. He was sniffing the warm air while the breeze blew his tangled mane around his head. Contemplating the watering of his herd, he caught a whiff of another odor, not that of his band. He caught his second and third whiff, and finally the fourth. He waited no longer. Putting his graceful limbs into action, he trotted away in the direction from which came the annoying smell. King Red had learned to be suspicious of everything unfamiliar. Though horses were plentiful in this region and though the strange odor might be only that of another horse, it would be well for him to investigate.

He trotted on for about a mile; then he heard a far-off challenge—the challenge that one horse sends to another. He traveled on. Another mile, and he stopped. He had changed his trot to a canter and had arrived at the scene of action at a swift gallop. This is what he saw:

Two stallions, one a black, the other a chestnut, were engaged in a death struggle. Near by, on a small stretch of green, was grazing the object of their combat, placidly nibbling the grass, taking mincing little bites and evidently caring little for the outcome of the battle being waged over her. It was a sorrel mare with a flaxen mane and tail. Glancing coyly up at the approaching stranger, she dropped her head and continued eating. King Red hastily decided he would not take immediate part in the activity. As he waited, he saw the black rear his hoofs into striking position, then descend like a two-thousand pound avalanche of bone and muscle, ugly teeth bared. The chestnut rolled over with broken neck and legs, his skull crushed in, and thrashed about for a few moments in his death-throes.

As the black turned, he saw Red and made a rush for him. King Red had intended to go back to his band, but at sight of the charging black he changed his mind and turned to meet the attack.

King, who was not in the habit of fighting unevenly, saw in what poor fighting condition the black was, his hoofs covered with the chestnut's blood, his teeth red, and his jaws dripping foam.

But the horse meant business; and as the black came nearer, King lowered his head and crouched. Sure of the black's antics, he leaped as his enemy struck where once Red had been. With mouth opened, Red let forth a death call; and soon he and the black were whirling around, blood spatting everything within ten feet of the combat. The black, already half dead, was soon done for. His bloodshot eyes turned hopelessly to the mare, who had stopped eating, and returned to King, who gazed down curiously. Those bloodshot eyes expressed hatred so strong that the head quivered. He died with his eyes turned again toward the mare.

For the first time now, the mare showed interest. She walked a few feet toward Red, then began to paw the ground, shaking her head invitingly.

The sun was setting now; a cool fresh breeze blew from the west. The clouds were tinted with rose, and the mountains were purple. The wilderness was no longer the piteless desert-plain it had seemed during the day. The hills were turning lavender, and the glowing sky seemed aflame. Two shadows, one fiery like the setting sun, the other darker with a hazy-colored mane and tail, ambled along into the distance.

The band wondered what kept their leader. He did not usually remain away so long. Finally, off on the hills, they saw the two shadowy specks. The specks grew larger. The band, seeing that second spot, rejoiced. Their leader had chosen a mate.

NAOMIE BURTCHAELL

AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN

THIS old-fashioned garden is one of the prettiest I have ever seen. In it is a quaint little cottage, set for from the road. It is obscured from the unobserving passer-by by a hedge of dark green. As one opens the entrance gate, he sees a very beautiful picture. Garden and cottage harmonize perfectly. The cottage is a deep cream color. Its windows, deeply curtained, add much to the pleasant scene. The chimney-tops are soot-covered and dilapidated. Wine-colored grapes grow abundantly on a trellis over the south side of the cottage.

The garden itself is paradise supreme! The flowers planted in seemingly careless fashion about the cottage are exquisite splashes of color. There are numerous shades of pink, blue, lavender, and yellow. Stock, hollyhocks, larkspur, goldenrod, petunias, and marigolds share equally in the mass of beauty. The birds seem to enjoy twittering and flying among them. A dainty cobblestone path winds in and out among the flowers, each stone a step which furthers the joy of all who use the path.

But the loveliest attraction of all is the little gray-haired lady who sits in the porch swing and talks sweetly and pleasantly to all who visit her.

HELEN PLYMATE

THE DESERT——A LANGUAGE

You have read about the desert as a windswept and ghastly plain, a burial-place for those who went there to die. Again, you have probably seen the desert from a Pullman car—a bleak, hot, and sultry place. Bunt you haven't understood it. At first glance, it may look terrible and uninviting; but you haven't given it a chance to teach you. If you had, you would love it.

To me, the desert is a symbol of beauty, love, and understanding. It will keep any secrets you tell it.

If you have given the desert its chance to teach you, you will understand the grip that it gets on you. You may leave; but always that wild lure will call you back, because there is beauty in the desert. In the spring, the sand is covered with flowers of various hues. The sky is always blue above, and in the distance the mountains take on a robe of ermine. There is nothing to keep you from looking for miles and miles.

There is a prophecy in the desert, and only those who understand can share its materialization. The desert stands there waiting, day in and day out, for that water to quench its thirst and the trees to blossom forth with fruits and verdure. But until that time comes, it must lie there idle.

I repeat: Do you understand the desert? If so, accept its challenge.

HELEN KNOLI

(Suggested by John Ruskin: Art, A Language)

FANCY'S SHIP

Out from the harbor of heaven
Into the sea of the night
The silvery moon went sailing
With its cargo of mystic light.

Away and away it went sailing
On the tides of the Milky Way.
Away and away it went sailing
To disappear for a day.

Then back across that turbulent sea
The good ship Moon did sail,
Its courage, high, undaunted
By the lightning and the gale.

MARY BENDER

QUITE A MISTAKE

"Isn't he cute?"

"Oh, I think he's perfectly darling!"

"And the way he speaks!"

"Probably one of the new boys at school is being discussed," I thought as I neared the group of girls standing in a circle on the corner. As I came nearer I heard more remarks.

"Hasn't he the most beautiful brown eyes?"

"I think that dark curly hair is perfectly stunning."

"And it's so glossy!"

I began to think of all the boys I had seen on the campus lately. None of them seemed to fit the description.

I walked up to the group for more information. The girls all had their heads together, and I had a hard time getting into the circle. When I did so, however, I laughed heartily. There in the midst of the girls, looking happily around and wagging his tail, was a curly-haired little black dog.

Frances Henneuse

SUSPENSE

Joseph Landon

As I took my seat in the assembly hall, to watch the prceedure of the Freshman Initation Week court, a vague fear crept over me that I might be one of the victims. My worries were somewhat relieved when I remembered that I had tried my utmost to comply with the regulations.

Nearing the close of the meeting, I suddenly heard my name called.

I hastily bounded onto the platform and took the oath, wondering of what I was accused.

"We accuse you of being class president," said one of the judges.

As if with one voice, the jury roared, "Guilty!"

The judges then sentenced me to play a violin solo without a violin and without piano accompaniment. Therefore I whistled a selection entitled "Estrellita", while I went through the proper motions. I trust this performance was much enjoyed by the juniors and seniors; but I must say that it did not add to my pleasure.

As I regained my seat, I heaved a thankful sigh. That was that!

WINTER

A snowstorm came that winter day;
It left the earth aglow.
The treetops, once a rusty green,
Were white with high-piled snow.

The houses 'round were all snowbound;
The animals, locked up tight
The snowbirds from the treetops sang
Of snowstorms due that night.

The next day dawned so bright and clear
Like naught but spring it felt.
All day the sun shone down so hot
The snow began to melt.

What once was snow now slipped and slopped,
And dripped and dropped as well.
I took a walk; I hipped and hopped,
And flipped and flopped and fell.

NINA DE BEAL

THE HOLIDAY FAMILY

MARJORIE HICKS

It was on January 1, 1930, in the city of Pasadena, that a family of seven were seen trailing down the sidewalk, one behind the other, toward a small sign which read: Parking—50 cents an hour. These seven were residents of Long Beach and, like all other jam-loving families, had attended the grand New Year's parade, the Tournament of Roses.

The first in line was Father Jonathan Penrose, who carried in his arms three-year-old Samuel Penrose. After him, of course, came Mrs. Penrose; and then in a string trailed respectively Jonathon Jr., Mary Antoinette, Percival Williams, and Thomas Anthony. In addition to the family there was Bing Flooey, who was to the Penroses a setback, cook, and Chinaman. He now trailed behind, wearing an unintelligent grin, and every once in a while picked up four-year-old Thomas Anthony, who, either for pastime or for effect, insisted on falling flat on his face every few yards. But at last the parking space was reached. Now the Penrose car was a skeptical-looking bus which had been christened with the practical name of Ford. But, danger or no danger, every one scrambled in; and all was ready to go but the car. To put it into plain English, it was stalled. Father Penrose stepped on the starter once, twice, three times, and so on, until the he had pushed it through the floor. His sole remaining resort was the crank.

You may draw your conclusions about his disposition. He was fuming, seeth-

ing, boiling, and spouting. The children were howling, and Mrs. Penrose was getting badly ruffled herself. In fact, the only person in the whole party who was entirely serene was Bling Flooey, who sat grinning as usual, with clasped hands, and uttering these soothing words: "Mlister Plenrosa, he clanky his flamly and clanky his car."

CORONA FIVE YEARS HENCE

"Let's stop here at this gas station and find out the name of this beautiful little town. I don't remember having seen it before. What is the name of this beautiful little city?"

"This is Corona. You are surprised? I do not wonder. Have you been here during the last five years? Well, this is the town that used to be known as the Circle City. It is still called the Circle City, but is now greatly improved in appearance. It is now called the 'City Beautiful'."

"Why is it called the City Beautiful?"

"If you take a drive through our fair city, you will no longer ask why the addition to the name. Look up and down the streets and observe that the parkings, which before were practically all bare (except for a few scrubby trees here and there), are now green with grass. At regular intervals are growing beautiful, symmetrical ever-green trees. Driving through the residential district, one sees on either side soft green lawns, with the shrubbery and flowers artistically arranged to harmonize with the type and color of the dwelling. Occasionally one glimpses a back yard, which strikes him as being the workshop of one who loves the beautiful. Such things as garages, which could not be beautiful otherwise, are covered with clinging vines of various kinds; so too are the weather-stained backs and sides of the business buildings. The vacant lots of the city are clear of debris, and the street-sweeper's work is light."

"What are the advantages of beautifying your city?"

"Oh, there are many. Beautiful surroundings promote peace and harmony among the inhabitants, and a desire to boost any enterprise which is attempted. And, too, our city attracts a great number of tourists, many of whom settle down here to live because they wish to dwell in beautiful surroundings. Our city has grown considerably in the last five years because of this improvement.

"Five years ago, a few of our prominent citizens started a campaign to beautify our homes by planting more flowers and lawns. The people responded to this plan with an enthusiasm which far surpassed all expectations. Thus we have our beautiful little city."

Eloise Gist

(Note: This essay won first prize in the 1930 CORONA BEAUTIFUL contest. Second place went to Ruth Glass; third, to Betty Francisco.)

A DAY IN THE AIR

Under a spreading apple tree
The village rascal sat,
Eating the remains of an early lunch
With the tree trunk at his back.

Not far away came the droning lament of the country school. To the boy it was the cry of slaves under the lash of a harsh master. He recalled his previous day's Sunday school lesson on the Israelites and the Egyptians. "Yes, sir, they're worse off than those Israelites." He tried to be sorry for them, but all he could manage was a triumphant chuckle and the last bite of his third apple.

He then let his mind wander, and it fell upon the tree under which he was sitting. The branches were far from the ground, and this thought went through his mind: "Could I climb that tree if I had to? I'm awful full now."

As he brought his gaze down from its inviting branches, he suddenly realized he could climb anything. Not ten feet away stood the most impertinent steer of the neighboring herds, pawing, snorting, bellowing. Up the tree went our hero.

To make a long story short, he sat and sat; and the steer stood, until the evening shadows made it uncomfortable for both.

They might both have been still sitting there is a small thing had not occurred. Trotting along from nowhere appeared a little rat-terrier about the size of two fists. The boy in the tree, recognizing him, whistled. "Yip! Yip! Yap!" came the strong reply, with a friendly wag of a three-inch tail.

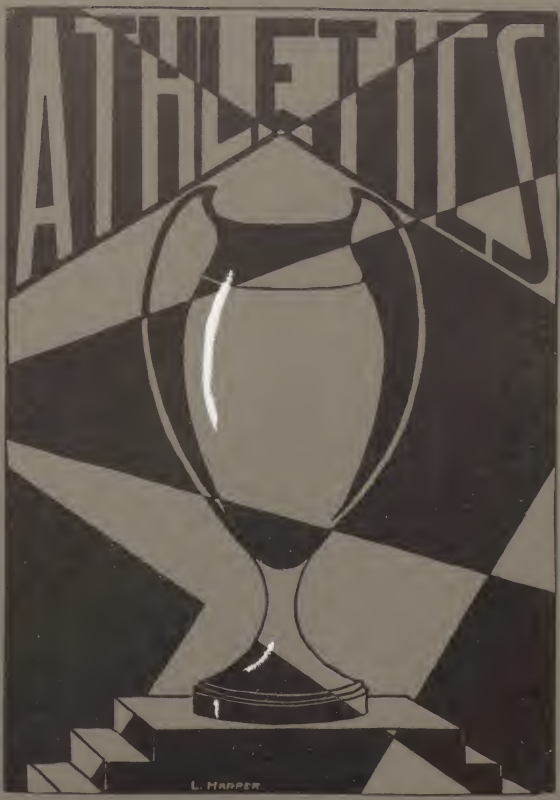
"Sic him! Get him away, Jiggie. Do it quick!"

But Jiggie had other ideas. His aspiration was to climb the tree; and judging by his spectacular leaps, one would have thought him capable of doing it.

In the meantime, our lordship, Mr. Steer, had come up and was carefully scrutinizing Jiggie. Aware of the scrutiny, Jiggie snapped; and then things happened. For once in his life, the little dog's size was a blessing to him. Mr. Steer, during his futile efforts to locate the dog, was being severely gnawed around the ankles.

At last the fight was won; the larger animal retired to his quarters, leaving the boy—alias my grandfather—to descend from the tree.

MARJORIE HICKS


ATHLETICS
L. MARPER

FOOTBALL

UNDER the guidance of Coach Thome, the Panther eleven of '29 took second place among the Tri-County League schools. The football squad of this year was the most outstanding Corona has produced since 1925. There were no individual stars, but the players fought until the final whistle.

With Captain Unruh, Robles, Woodward, and Cunningham in the backfield; Lytle, Eugene Mickel, and Herb Smith playing end; Zilioli and Garton tackles; Slaten, Joe Hatten, and Wilford Guffy guards; and Briggs center—Corona was a big stumbling-block to every team in the league except Colton. Pate, McNutt, Wilcox Iselin, Standiford, Buzan, Hallgren, and Simpson were able substitutes.

Corona was host to Chino in the first league game. The Panthers scored early in the play and maintained their lead throughout. In the third quarter, Chino managed to score. The game ended 7-6 in our favor.

On the following Friday, Corona journeyed to Colton with high hopes of upsetting the Yellowjackets. However, our hopes soon vanished into thin air, for Colton triumphed 31-0.

In the third round, the Panthers nosed out Claremont. Corona's playing in the first half was ragged; but the fellows finally woke up, and scored twice in the last half, to win 12-6.

Bonita, highly touted champions, came to Corona for the last game of the season. Bonita was doped to win in a walk-away; but before the game ended, they woke up to the fact that Corona was no pushover. The Panthers out-thought Bonita throughout most of the game, which finally ended in a scoreless tie.

Corona's prominent showing in football this year was gained only by hard work on the part of the players and good support from the student body. It is to be hoped that these qualities will be found in even greater quantities next year.

CLASS "C" FOOTBALL

CORONA'S class "C" football team, coached by Mr. Mahoney did excellent team work; but, forced to play against schools of greater weight, they came out on the little end of the score.

Corona was much better in practice games than in league contests. In meeting such aggregations as Orange's, Fullerton's and Brea's, the Panther midgets played exceptionally well. In their first league game, the flea-weights managed to hold Chino down to twelve points on the first half; but in the latter part of the game, Chino's weight began to show and Corona went down to disastrous defeat. The team showed plenty of fight in this game, and every touch-down Chino made was earned.

In the second league game, the midgets went up against Colton and were severely trimmed. Claremont duplicated Colton's performance in the succeeding game, and the Bonita giants finished the season with a win over Corona.

The members of the team receiving letters were Captain McCurdy, Wilson, Moreno, Sherwood, Don Smith, Brockman, Kuster, Harvey Robinson, Ganahl, Tucker, Blair, Thompson, Chronister, Wallace, and Kendrick. Those fellows in the line who played the most outstanding game for Corona were Kuster, Brockman, Kendrick, and Nugent. Diminutive Nugent was right there when it came to snagging passes and breaking plays. Moreno, Wilson, and McCurdy were the stellar lights in the backfield. Wilson, who played half-back, was the fastest man on the team; and when he got away, no one could catch him.

If these fellows "grow up" during the summer vacation, returning members of this year's squad will have a hard struggle to keep their old berths. Fortunately, the greater the competition, the better the material finally selected; and it is certain that Corona has and will have good material. So—"more power to 'em!"

BASKETBALL

GIRLS' basketball season found a large number out from each class. Both seniors and juniors had enthusiastic squads, showing wonderful team work. The freshmen also had a splendid team, but lost their game to the juniors. In the interclass matches, the juniors and the freshmen played two games to determine which was the better team, the juniors winning by a small score. The juniors then played the seniors. This was the most exciting game of all the series, being played off at night, with both teams determined to win. The seniors started out ahead; but the juniors showed the greater vim and won the championship by a few points.

Two school teams were chosen, with Ruth Turner as captain of the "heavies" and Harriette Hall captain of the light-weights. Both teams journeyed to Elsinore for their first practice game. The heavies lost, but the light-weights won with score of 14-6. The heavies next tried their luck against Chino. This time they had better luck and more nearly equal strength, and won with a score of 28 to 27. Next the team played Barstow on the first G. A. playday, held February 8, on Corona's grounds. They rolled up a huge score in Corona's favor.

The following girls made up the basketball team:

Forwards:
- Hill
- Morrell
- Edythe Walker

Guards:
- Turner
- Fraser
- Rowena Robles

Centers:
- Plymiatf
- Paxton
- Page
- Roberds

BOYS' BASKETBALL

THE Panther Basketball HEAVIES, coached by Mr. Thorne, were less successful this year than in the past, winning only two of their six league games. The members of the team were Robles (captain), Unruh, Smith, Bellringer, Lytle, Hill, Briggs, and McCue. The team was very successful in the practice games, defeating Elsinore, Coachella, and Brea, and almost defeating the powerful Huntington Beach squad. · Algy Unruh was high point man. Results:

Colton	17	Corona	11
Chino	19	Corona	7
Barstow	22	Corona	19
Victorville	6	Corona	13
Claremont	17	Corona	28
Bonita	22	Corona	19

The LIGHTWEIGHTS were coached by Mr. Mahoney and captained by Bob Simpson. Although their excellent playing defeated Coachella,, Brea, and Claremont, they failed to live up to their expectations, thanks to the lack of players and of practice. Those on the team were Bob Simpson, John Buzan, Art Thorpe, Lawrence Kendrick, Frank Hauter, George Fink, Frank Ortiz, Leonard Pate, and Tony Bellinis. Results:

Colton	27	Corona	8
Chino	13	Corona	9
Barstow	28	Corona	8
Victorville	13	Corona	11
Claremont	6	Corona	11

The CLASS "C" casaba-tossers, coached by Mr. Vaile and captained by Loyd Sherwood, had the school's best team for this season, winning three games and losing three. Their defense was almost perfect, but their early shooting was little or nothing. They scored only a few points in the majority of their games. Those on the team were Sherwood, Ganahl, Wallace, McCurdy, Black, Wilson, Clark, Serrano, Yokely, and Rossiter. The results of the games were as follows:

Colton	11	Corona	7
Chino	20	Corona	5
Bartow	12	Corona	13
Victorville	8	Corona	18
Bonita	9	Corona	7
Claremont	7	Corona	9

Despite their various defeats, every boy on the teams worked and fought for the maintenance of Corona High School's record of good sportsmanship and high morals. They have proved that Corona possesses still the old fighting spirit. If such a spirit is shown in the succeeding years, Corona cannot fail to "come out on top."

HOCKEY

THAT hockey was the most successful of all girls' sports entered this year was due to the enthusiasm and interest shown by all of the girls. The interclass hockey games proved exceptionally interesting because of the close competition between the classes. The sophomore and senior classes had very good teams, but the freshmen and the juniors clashed in the final round. They played three games, and tied with a score of 0-0. It ws finally decided to give both teams honors and numerals.

To choose the school team was a hard task, because there was so much excellent material from which to pick; but the following group was finally selected: center forward—Phyllis Hill; r. inside—Harriette Hall; Ruth Glass; l. inside—Evalyn Roberts; l. wing—Vivian Peeler, Violet Page; r. wing—Juanita Shadle; r. half—Elizabeth Campbell (captain); l. half—Hazel Lillibridge, Audrey Ristine; c. half—Della Dunbar; r. full—Verda Morrell; l. full—Helen Walker, Rowena Robles: goal guard—Irma Lytle.

Corona's team showed to good advantage against the strong Bonita team on G.A.A. playday, winning by a score of 2-0. The girls met those of Sherman Insitutite; but, despite the splendid team-work of both groups, neither was able to score. Our hardest opponent this year was Chino. As usual, each class team met the orresponding one from Chino. Corona was defeated, but hopes to do better next year.

VOLLEYBALL

Although volleyball is a minor sport, the girls seemed to enjoy it more than ever this year. Under the direction of Miss Horst, class teams were chosen and interclass games played off during noon hours. Competition was keen; rooting was enthusiastic; high scores were rolled up; and the seniors were declared champions after many a hard round. The sophomores were second, the freshmen third, and the juniors fourth in the final outcome.

The school played Colton here on playday, February 8; as competition was not keen, Corona won easily with a large score to our credit.

Those girls comprising our school volleyball team are as follows:

Marie Hay	Edna Mae Thomas	Annie Clark
Marion Hay	Margaret Vaughn	Lucille Powers
Pearl Lewis	Emma Herkelrath	Violet Page

TRACK

THE track team of 1930 ended the season with fourth place in the Tri-County track meet. The Panther spikesters twice defeated Elsinore by overwhelming scores, and showed up well against Riverside and San Bernardino.

Corona's strength lay almost entirely in the distance events. In the Tri-County, Captain Nutter and Ernest Harper outsprinted the field, to place first and second in the half mile. Nutter's time of 2:05 4-5 was a new record. Ed Bellringer surprised every one by placing third in the broad jump, while Frank Hauter and Dick Smith took third and fourth respectively in the mile. Glen Garton tied for fourth in the high jump, raising our total to thirteen and one-half points. Other members of the team who did well in the dual meets were Dick Zilioli, Leonard Pate, Bob Shank, John Krick, Wilson Briggs, and Art Mickel.

With one of the strongest Class "C" teams in the history of Corona High, Coach Thome's midgets journeyed to Colton for the annual Tri-County track meet and were barely nosed out of first place by Colton. Ray Atzet proved to be Corona's stellar athlete when he took three first places and broke three records in the fifty, the hundred, and the broad jump. Johnny Ganahl also turned in a brilliant score when he ran the half mile in 2:06 4-5, to break the old record by fourteen seconds. Paul Wilson proved his mettle by taking second in the fifty and the broad jump. Forrest Black copped second in the discus, while Nugent and Francisco placed third and fourth in the pole vault. The relay team also broke the Tri-County record, stepping the distance in 48 1-5 seconds.

BASEBALL

Corona High possessed, this year, an exceptionally well-balanced and talented squad of baseball players. Though, at the time of writing, Corona had won only one game and lost two, the 1930 team was credited as one of the best the school has turned out for a long time.

With Captain Weldon McPherson in the box and Felix Robles ready to relieve him, the Panthers had two of the best pitchers in the league. Other members of the team included Chuck Iselin, Algy Unruh, Arno Patten, Bob Simpson, Jack Woodward, Carl Herkelrath, Dick Zilioli, Joe Hatton, and Temple Wilcox.

The first league game proved to be a wash-out for Corona when the Colton Yellow-jackets trimmed us 17-4. The Panthers played far below their standard in this game, and let Colton step all over them. In the next game, with Chino, Corona lost one of the closest hard-fought matches of the season. Chino triumphed in the end, 9-7. Corona entered the third round a big favorite to win, and they finally broke their jinx and defeated Barstow 13-6.

GIRLS' TRACK

Before the Corona girls' track team had a chance to show its ability against other schools, the girls made splendid records in the interclass track meet held Wednesday, April 23. The freshmen came forth and showed the school what they could do. They carried off first place, totaling twenty-six and one-half points. The sophomores were second, with twenty-five points; the juniors third with nine points; and the seniors (with four girls reporting) last, with only four-and-one-half points.

Finishing the hurdles in 8.5, Corinne Masterson took first place. Lucille Pate took first place in the baskeball goal throw, with thirty throws in one minute. Helen Stewart's former record of one hundred forty five feet in the basketball throw for distance was broken when she threw it one hundred sixty nine feet, taking first place. The running broad jump was won by Margaret Vaughn, who jumped fourteen feet and one inch.

These truly splendid records promised exceeding well for the results to be expected from the first track meet, one event of the last G.A.A. playday, held Saturday, May 17. Twenty-five girls, captained by Ruth Turner, represented Corona.

GIRLS' BASEBALL

Baseball, the last major sport of the year, interested a large number of girls. Practices were held after school, with Mr. Labrum coaching the school team.

The seniors and the freshmen met in the first interclass game of the season. After seven innings of keen playing and good sportsmanship on the part of both teams, the game ended 2-2. The juniors and the sophomores presented teams of lesser strength than usual; but the sophomores did win two games from the juniors, who lost all their games. A second game between seniors and sophomores was played, both teams being determined to win. At the end of the fifth inning, therefore, the score was 10-10. Two more innings were played, in which the seniors scored four more hits. The seniors were not once defeated.

From the class teams was chosen a school team, with Helen Plymate as captain. Those making up the team were Helen Henneuse, Ruth Turner, Bertha Otteni, Edythe Walker, Violet Page, Verda Morrell, Helen Stewart, Rowena Robles, Margaret Vaughn, Marjorie Hicks, Dexie Ramey, Lucille Fletcher, Helen Warner, Corinne Masterson, Frances Chambers, and Phyllis Hill. The team was scheduled to play on playday, May 17, and expected to have later games with Riverside and Elsinore.

Inasmuch as only five of this year's team members are seniors and will be lost at commencement, the student body and the G.A.A. should count upon a seasoned team for the coming year.

TENNIS

A GREAT deal of interest and enthusiasm having been shown in tennis this year, both girls and boys have been very successful in all their matches.

The large group of girls who reported for practice has improved rapidly under the direction of the new coach, Miss Taylor. She reports after school with the girls, twice a week, and helps them with their strokes. Approximately twenty girls entered the lists for the Novice Tennis Tournament, which was won by Corinne Masterson. Class teams were chosen, and competition in the interclass matches was expected to be extremely keen.

The girls' tennis team representing the school has played three practice games, two with Riverside and one with San Bernardino. The girls on the team are Corinne Masterson, Helen Plymate, Jeannette Sherman, Phyllis Hill, Evalyn Roberds, Vivian Peeler, Alma Conlee, Harriette Hall, Suzanne Gould, and Frances Spencer, The tennis manager, Evalyn Roberds, and the captain of the girls' team, Phyllis Hill, expected and received excellent playing from these girls in the various league matches in which they were entered.

The boys also have shown great enthusiasm in their games. The twelve boys on the tennis squad upholding the honor of Corona High are Walter Blair, Herman Chronister, Paul Farmer, Jack Hallgren, Charles Key, Lawrence Kendrick, Albert McCurdy, Loyd Sherwood, Herbert Smith, Orville Veach, Jack Cunningham, and Jose Yepez. The tennis cup for the Novice Tournament was won by Charles Key, after a very hard and earnest effort.

The team has played Fullerton, Orange, and Riverside and has not lost a tournament, although they tied with both Fullerton and Riverside. In April, the boys played Chino and won three matches out of five. Since Chino is considered the hardest and fastest team in the league, the boys had every reason to believe they would meet with success in the remainder of the games scheduled for the season. They entered with a firm determination to play so well they would be undisputed champions of the league and could bring home to Corona High School and to Coach Vaile the cup awarded to the winner.

DEAR DIARY

A Mere Freshie

SEPTEMBER

9—Dear Diary, I am going to start to high school tomorrow. But you know I just must have some one to confide in, so I've chosen you.

10—Oh, I was so scared. With shaking knees, I entered the hall. They were all there, the mighty seniors, the jolly juniors, the sophomores, and a hundred others like myself—mere freshies, wondering what it was all about.

13—I have finished my first week of school. It's not so bad. In fact, Dear Di, I think I shall rather like it.

27—We had a holiday to-day to see the county fair. Coppy Campbell teased me for riding on the merry-go-round; but I didn't mind, 'cause I saw Jack Cunningham on the little train.

OCTOBER

1-5—This is what the upperclassmen call Freshman Initiation Week. I feel just like a scared dog with its tail between its legs, looking for the first place to hide. Just about the time I think I'm in seclusion, Monte or Harriette makes me carry a stack of books downstairs. Dear Diary, I wouldn't confess it to any one else in the world except you; but the life of a freshman isn't so wonderful as I thought it would be.

11—Gee, I had a lot of fun to-night! I went to the Rally. All the classes had keen stunts. You should have seen Melvin Clark, alias Baby Bear! It was too funny! Then we had the biggest bonfire and the best chicken sandwiches!

18—Our Panthers played Chino in football this afternoon. What a game! We won, 6-7. (I wouldn't have known what it was all about, but Mr. Hancock explained the game to us beforehand.)

23—Saw strange sights to-day. I thought all Hickville had suddenly migrated to Corona High, but the juniors and sophomores seemed to think that it was only Senior Rube Day.

29—The wind blew awfully hard to-day. It just about blew Albert and his little Ford away.

30—More wind.

NOVEMBER

1—Played football with Colton. Sad but true—we lost.

8—We won the game at Claremont to-day. Jack Cunningham sure is some football player!

13—Quarterly exams begin to-day. They are the biggest nuisance.

15—I saw the last league football game to-day. It was so exciting that I yelled

myself hoarse. The score, Bonita 0—Corona 0, gave us a second place in the league.

Went to Girls' League Hi-Jinx to-night. Phyllis and Ruth made handsome men, and Lois was the darlingest Queen.

DECEMBER

6—Seniors much in evidence to-day, with their new white sweaters.

13—Friday the thirteenth, but it's my lucky day. No more school for two weeks.

29—Back to the old grind again. Seems hard to settle down after such a glorious vacation. Everybody is telling everybody else what Santa brought him.

JANUARY

2—Every one working unusually hard and being exceptionally good. I guess it's on account of New Year's resolutions, but it won't last long.

5—The first rain of the season.

6—It rained again to-day.

7—More rain.

9—The juniors seemed to be holding their hands in conspicuous places to-day. Upon investigating, I found that their class rings had just arrived, and they were anxious to show them off.

22—Junior-freshman championship hockey game. The score was 0-0. At least we showed those juniors that they couldn't beat us.

24—Our team went to Barstow to play basketball. But I guess the cold weather didn't agree with the fellows. We won the midget game, but lost the other two.

FEBRUARY

8—Girls' Tri-County League playday was held here to-day. Don't say the girls never do anything—we won the cup.

10—The sophs won the interclass debate with the juniors, with a 2 to 1 decision.

11—All the Spanish students were dismissed this afternoon to see the Mission Play.

12—We had a short assembly in honor of Lincoln's birthday, this morning. Mr. Case presented the school with a picture of Lincoln.

14—Valentine's Day. Noticed Monte giving Nedine a big lacy heart.

18—Second junior-frosh hockey game and another score of 0-to 0.

19—The seniors were conspicuous by their absence to-day. It is rumored that they "ditched" to go to the Valley of the Falls.

21—Basketball heavies went to Blythe—lost 13-12.

MARCH

4—The members of the Scholarship Society attended a doll show at the Mission Inn to-day. I was surprised at the interest some of those grown-up seniors took in dolls.

7—Dramatics class presented "Sauce for the Goslings" in assembly. Have you noticed that Marjorie and Pierce have cut out slang?

24—Hot to-day. Every one has the spring fever.

25—Many signs up, saying "Watch for 'The Arrival of Kitty'." It seems that is the name of the senior play.

28—Kitty arrived to-night. The auditorium was packed, and no one went away disappointed.

APRIL

4—Vacation—Ah, now to rest my brains after these exams!

14—Back to school and ready for the last lap of the year.

24—This is terrible! We had to go to school to-night. (As if going to school in the daytime weren't enough!) Still, it wasn't so bad in some ways. We could talk, be late, or even ditch entirely without getting a detention.

26—Our baseball team played Barstow to-day. Surely was a splendid game. We won, 13-9.

MAY

9—Junior-senior banquet to-night. Of course, being a freshman, I didn't go. But I guess it was a pretty grand affair. All the juniors and seniors seemed excited about it.

13—Baseball with Victorville here.

24—The sophomores all returned home tired and sunburned but happy to-night after their delightful day's outing at Balboa Beach.

31—Holiday.

JUNE

8—Baccalaureate sermon to-night at the Congregational Church.

9—To-night was senior Class Night. They read their class prophecy and will, presented their gifts, and then gave a short humorous play with a cast of seven.

12—Commencement was held to-night at the Corona Theatre. The girls wore pretty formal frocks in pastel shades. The boys were dressed in dark coats and white trousers.

13—The last day of school! I have received my report card. No longer am I a mere freshie, victim of the jests of upperclassmen. Look me over, Dear Diary! I'm a full-fledged sophomore!

I'm going to go on my vacation, forget all about school and teachers and lessons, and have a good time until next September. Then I'll have to start back to school and go through another year of it—only, of course, it won't be so bad, cause I'll be a sophomore and can make the freshmen miserable. So, dear old Diary, till that time,

GOOD-BYE!

MIRTHQUAKES

```
    X                    X                    X
   XXXXX                XXXXX                XXXXX
   XXXXX                XXXXX                XXXXX
   XXXXX                XXXXX                XXXXX
   XXXXX                XXXXX                XXXXX
   XXXXX                XXXXX                XXXXX
   X. .X                X. .X                X. .X
   1 . 1                1 . 1                1 . 1
    ---                  ---                  ---
    X                    X                    X
   XXXXX                XXXXX                XXXXX
  XXXXXXX              XXXXXXX              XXXXXXX
 XX  XXX  XX          XX  XXX  XX          XX  XXX  XX
XX   XXX   XX        XX  XXX  XX          XX  XXX   XX
 XX  XXX  XX          XX  XXX  XX          XX  XXX   XX
    XXX                  XXX                  XXX
    XXX                  XXX                  XXX
    XXX                  XXX                  XXX
    XXXX                 XXXX                 XXXX
   XXXX                 XXXX                 XXXX
   XXX                  XXX                  XXX
   XXX                  XXX                  XXX
   XXX                  XXX                  XXX
   XXX                  XXX                  XXX
   XXX                  XXX                  XXX
   XXX                  XXX                  XXX
   XXX                  XXX                  XXX
  XXXXX                XXXXX                XXXXX
 XXXXXXX              XXXXXXX              XXXXXXX
```

CAROL CUNNINGHAM

MIRTHQUAKES

Lucille Bond: She gave you a dirty look, didn't she?
Iola Russell: Who?
Lucille Bond: Mother Nature.

— C. H. S. —

Charles Key: That airplane must be happy.
Orville Veach: Why?
Charles Key: Can't you hear it purring?

— C. H. S. —

Ernie Harper: What are the three shortest ways to send a message around the world?
Leslie Harper: Telegraph, telephone, and tell-a-woman.

— C. H. S. —

Teacher (telling class about a bull fight): First the bull rushes out in the arena—
Student: Where was Moses at this time, and I thought Reno was a place to divorce, and what did Moses want with a divorce?
Teacher: One week's detention.

— C. H. S. —

Sandy bought two tickets for a raffle and won a Studebaker. His friend rushed up to his house to congratulate him, but found him looking miserable as could be.
"Why, man, what's the matter wi' ye?" he asked.
"It's that second ticket. Why I ever bought it I canna imagine."

— C. H. S. —

Miss Waller: State what Hudson did, Jack.
Jack Woodward: Dad's did 65 yesterday.

— C. H. S. —

Dick: You know there's always been something bothering me.
Della: What's that?
Dick: I want to know why Swiss cheese has all the holes when it is the Limburger that needs the ventilation.

— C. H. S. —

Small boy (going into men's outfitting shop): I want a collar for my dad.
Assistant: Like mine?
Boy: No, a clean one.

— C. H. S. —

Harold Heers: My Sunday School teacher says I'll go to heaven if I'm good.
Father: Well?
Harold Heers: Well, you said if I was good I'd go to the circus. Now who's telling the truth?

— C. H. S. —

Six little Freshmen sitting in a row,
Three said, "Yes." Three said, "No."
So they fought and battled as best they could,
Till nothing was left but splinters of wood.

A COMEBACK

Mr. Jones, the rich trustee, was thinking of making a donation to Praireville School. So he went about from room to room inspecting the classes. In each room the children behaved wonderfully—until he came to room 4. As he entered this room, a piece of chalk struck him in the eye. He let out a howl of rage, and the teacher came rushing in from thehall.

The enraged trustee turned away from the teacher's explanations and tramped heavily to the principal's office.

"Ah," said the principal, "have you decided to give the donation?"

"Yes," thundered the other; "but not to the school. I'm going to give my money to have the reform-school enlarged so that when the boys in room 4 get there, they'll have plenty of room!"

—LEONA AGINS

Sam Hughes (after most of the English clas has been "spelled down"): That *mucilage* sure was some sticker.

— C. H. S. —

New Student: Where's Mr. Hancock's room?
Old Student: Down the hall.
N. S.: What shall I do; go in and sit down in the back seat?
O. S.: No, go up and talk to him.

— C. H. S. —

Teacher: When was Rome built?
Temple Wilcox: During the night.
Teacher: Why, who told you that?
T. W.: You did. Yousaid that Rome wasn't built in a day.

— C. H. S. —

Famous last words: *Good Night!*

Chuck: Will you marry me, as soon as I graduate, dear?
Verda: Yes, if I can find some one to support me.

— C. H. S. —

Miss Stewart: Yes, several years ago somebody broke open the door to the office.
Patricia Mahoney: What did they do that for?
Miss S.: They just wanted to get in.

— C. H. S. —

Roger LePont (to grocery clerk in midst of the Saturday night shopping rush): Please, sir, have you seen a lady without a little boy who looks like me?

A bee may die when it stings you, but a flapper ain't no bee.

— C. H. S. —

One day as Miss Neel was working industriously in the library, a senior entered, looking very sad and downcast. He looked so woe be gone that Miss Neel asked, "What can I do for you?"

The senior replied, "I want some love."

Although Miss Neel knew that his subject for an essay was "Love", she couldn't resist the temptation answered, "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I can't do anything for you."

— C. H. S. —

Mildred: A lot of men marry women for their money, Leslie. You wouldn't marry me for money, would you?

Leslie (absently): No, dear, I wouldn't marry you for *all* the money in the world.

— C. H. S. —

Did you hear about the trapper who skinned a raccoon, and found a college man inside?

— C. H. S. —

Jack Cunningham: Would you be afrad to hunt bears with a club?

Jack Hallgren: Not if there were enough in the club.


Who's
Whooey

The fourth period freshman English class was staging a play. Sam Hughes, playing the part of an alleged poet, was composing to order.

Sam (dramatically): Shh! Do not speak. I feel the poetry is coming.

The expectant hush was broken by the opening of the door; and Cloyce Overholt appeared, collecting absence slips.

— C. H. S. —

Roger LePont (who has been told that the sentence should *not* have been "His name is dear to *we* Americans." : Shucks! I'm not going to take after Lindbergh any more.

— C. H. S. —

Art Mickel (in physics): Every time I dig a hole in the ground, I have a lot of dirt left over. What am I to do?

Jack Cunningham: Dig your hole bigger.

— C. U. H. S. —

Quoting Marvin Johnson:

All good boys love their sisters,
But I so good have grown,
That I love other boys' sisters
Better than my own.

— C. H. S. —

Bill Houston: Say, Sam, do you know what makes good shoes?

Sam Hughes: I don't know, but bananas make good slippers.

— C. H. S. —

Flapper (to cop at intersection): What's the idea, no lights here?

Guardian of the law: I'm the light at this corner, lady.

Flapper: Then turn green so I can cross!

— C. H. S. —

"Oh, yes," added Harriette Hall, "I want some pepper."

"Black or red?" asked the grocer.

"Red," decided Harriette; "black wouldn't harmonize so well with my table cloth."

— C. H. S. —

"What kind of a car have you?"

"Oh, a runabout—you know; runabout a mile, then stop."

— C. H. S. —

"I've just shot a dog."

"Was he mad?"

"Well, he wasn't very much pleased."

— C. H. S. —

Albert McCurdy, while writing his short story remarked, "Has any one seen my setting?"

No answer.

"Well, I'll have to stand up then."

— C. H. S. —

Mrs. Hyatt: Who was Homer?

Pee Wee Clark: He ws the father who made Babe Ruth famous.

Co-ed: Didn't you ever go to a tea, Ed?
Ed: No, I never did like golf.

— C. H. S. —

Miss Stewart: I had only two wisdom teeth.
Yvonne Toolen: Are you any smarter, if you have any more?

— C. H. S. —

"Say, mister, this horse you sold me yesterday is blind."
"Well, I reckon I told you he was a good horse but he didn't look good."

— C. H. S. —

Marvin Johnson: If you look like that any more, I'll kiss you.
Mae Keast: Well, I can't hold this expression much longer.

Albert McCurdy: May I count on your support?
Mr. Hall: Are you running for office, or do you want to marry my daughter?

— C. H. S. —

Tyler Thompson: I'll have you know, my good man, I came from one of our best families.
Bob Shank: Yes, and boy, how you have traveled!

— C. H. S. —

Algy: Lois is the dumbest girl I've ever seen.
Monte: Why?
Algy: She wanted to know how many quarters in a bseball game.
Monte: That's nothing. Nedine wanted to know if a football coach had wheels.

"At last I've discovered what they do with the holes in doughnuts."

"What?"

"They use them to stuff macaroni."

— C. H. S. —

"What kind of an animal is a Dangaroo?"

"Never heard of one."

"Well, at the circus there was a sign on one cage:' These animals are Dangerous'."

— C. H. S. —

John Ganahl: Oh, Dad, what is your birthstone?

Mr. Ganahl: My boy, I'm not sure; but I think it is a grindstone.

— C. H. S. —

"What is your son taking in college?"

"All I've got."

Helen Plymate:Have you heard of the accident Leslie Harper had?

Tovel Slaten: No! How did it happen?

Helen Plymate: Mildred Brockman crowded him off the road!

Tovel Slaten: That's queer! I didn't know she drove.

Helen Plymate: She doesn't! She went for a ride with him.

— C. H. S. —

Ther was a young maid from Siam
Who went for a ride on a tram.
To the conductor's remark
As he saw her embark—
"Your fare, Miss"—she said, "Yes, I am."

— C. H. S. —

Joe Landon: Do you have any Prince Albert in a can?

Moorey: Yes.

Joe: Well, let him out!

Elsie Dean, preparing a book report: Is Oscar Wilde in WHO'S WHO?

Miss Neel: No, he's an Irishman, not an American.

Elsie: Well, where is he, then?

Knowing Oscar and the kind of life he had lived, Miss Neal remained discreetly silent.

— C. H. S. —

Sylvia had a piece of gum;
She chewed it long and slow—
And everywhere that Sylvia went
That gum was sure to go.
It went to Charlie's class one day,
Which was against the rule;
And Charlie took the gum away
And chewed it after school.

— C. H. S. —

Algy Unruh, to waiter: Say, this chicken has no wish-bone.

Waiter: He was a happy and contented chicken, sir, and had nothing to wish for.

— C. H. S. —

"Hey, Dad, that hurts!"

"Well, you know what the Bible says: 'Suffer little children'."

— C. H. S. —

Miss McDougald: So you have broken a tooth, have you? How did you do it?

Jack Cunningham: Oh, shifting gears on a lollipop.

— C. H. S. —

"Do you believe in building and loan?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Well, get out of the building and leave me alone."

— C. H. S. —

Father (teaching small daughter to tell time): These are the hours, these are the minutes, and there are the seconds.

Betty Webster: But where do the "jiffies" come in, Daddy?

— C. H. S. —

First Suburbanite: How far do you live from town?

Second Ditto: Exactly ten gas stations, twelve hot dog stands, eight sandwhich shacks, and two hundred thirty nine billboards.

— C. H. S. —

Miss Mitchell: So far we haven't found any place for our overhead.

Louie Grossman: That's all right. *all* of this is over *my* head.

— C. H. S. —

Mr. Hancock: Which was the first, the egg or the hen?

Joy Jameson: The egg.

Mr. Hancock: What kind of animal laid the egg?

— C. H. S. —

Miss Stewart: Are there any more bugs to add to this list?

Max Prettyman (in a whisper): Chester Lytle!

"Give three reasons for saying the earth is round," confronted Sandy in an examination paper.

"My teacher says it's round, the book says it's round, and a man told me it was round.

Mrs. Newlywed: Your wallpaper job looks fine, dear. But what are those funny bumps?

Mr. Newlywed: Good Heavens! I forgot to take the pictures down.

An elderly man approached one of the attendants in the traveling menagerie.

"Can you tell me what that hump on the camel's back is for?" he asked.

The keeper scratched his ear.

"What it's for?" he murmured.

"Yes, what use has it?"

"Well, it's pretty useful, sir. The camel wouldn't be much use without it, you know."

"But why not?"

"Why not!" exclaimed the keeper in surprise. "Well you don't suppose people would pay to see 'im if 'e 'adn't got an 'ump do you?"

"Did you miss the train, sir?" asked the porter.

"No, I didn't like the looks of it, so I chased it out of the station."

Miss Stewart: Yes, several years ago somebody broke open the door to the office.

Patricia Mahoney: Why did they do that for?

Miss Stewart: They just wanted to get in.

New Student: Where's Mr. Hancock's room?

Old Student: Down the hall.

New Student: What shall I do, go in and sit down in the back seat?

Old Student: No, go up and talk to him.

Teacher: Wat do they call the instrument the French use for beheading people?

Jack: The Gillette, I think.

A new automobile record was recently made. A guy drove from coast to coast without eating a single hot dog.

SAYS WHICH?

"Safe Noise"
—Third Period Study Hall

"A file for every Purpose"
—Vice-Principal's Office

"Have more fun in Hoods."
Chemistry Laboratory

"Steady Men"
—Miss Neel

"Cycle-Logical Ways to Happier Days"
—Miss Waller's Classes

"The Kind the Stars Use"
—C. C. Hancocks' Detention Cards

"An O. K. that Counts"
—G. D. W.

SAYS WHICH?

"For quick, smooth stops and long life"
—Walter "Morrow"

"The Noiseless Oil Burner"
—Harold Rawson's Chevrolet

"Tear Off—Fill In—Mail Today"
—Tardy Slips

"Visitors Are Always Welcome
—Projection Room

"For economical transportation"
—Use the Banisters

"Layerbilt construction is our patented feature."
—Mrs Johnson's Cakes

"The Original Vacuum Pack"
Anyone You Please

Donald Smith: Harvey, what's worrying you?

Harvey Robinson: I was just wondering how many legs you gotta pull out of a centipede to make him limp.

— C. H. S. —

Jack Cunningham: You rotund, decangular, solithic, ferruginous, neuropathic, cassowary, you——!

Roger LePont: Would you listen to the language of him since he's been working crossword puzzles.

— C. H. S. —

Editor Helen Playmate: This line is devoted to Philip.

Editor Helen Playmate: To Philip Space.

Mildred Phillips: To Philip who?

— C. H. S. —

Joy Jameson: What's the odor in the library?

Tovel Slaten: That's the dead silence they keep there.

— C. H. S. —

"Yes, I'm a cosmopolitan. My father was Irish, my mother Italian; I was born in a Swedish ship off Barcelona; and a man named McTavish is my dentist!"

"What's McTavish to do with it?"

"Why, that makes me of Scottish extraction!"

— C. H. S. —

A landlord wrote to his tenant: "Dear Sir: I regret to inform you that my rent is much overdue. Will you please forward me a check?"

The reply: "Dear Sir: I see no reason why I should pay your rent; I can't pay my own."

— C. H. S. —

In our relentless quest for information, we learned that xyoothrihydroxgluthartic acid is made from peanut shells. So a use may be found for old saftey-razor blades, after all.

— C. H. S. —

A certain small restaurant was kept by a man who prided himself on his cooking. He was amazed to hear Avis Ball criticize a pie, one day.

"Pie, young feller? Why, I made pies before you were born."

"O. K. But why sell 'em now?"

— C. H. S. —

We could tell you some more jokes, but you'd only laugh at them.

IMA FRESHIE wants to know:
If Sam Hughes wood?
How fast a Walker is Carrie?
What is hitched to the Saturday Evening Post?
Who can solve this Reford Riddle?
What would Joe Land-on if he fell?
If Ruth Glass will break when dropped?
What does Terry Ware?
How deep is John Krick?
If Elnora can Cook?
What kind of music comes from Nellie's Reed?
Is Forest Black?
Has Coach Thome four wheels?
If Walter can Reed Paul Page?
If Vivian can Peeler onions without crying?
If Evelyn can Parker car?
If Thelma can Thatcher cottage?
If the Citrus Belt is made of leather?
If Mary can Bender back?
How much is Marion's Hay?

If Algy Unruh, who weighs a hundred and fifty pounds is worth only ninety-eight cents, how much is "Pewee" Clark worth?

"Joe, be sure and mash the peas before you serve them," said Mrs. Johnson.

"Did you say to mash the peas?" replied Joe.

"Yes, Joe, mash them—so they won't roll off Mr. Mahoney's knife when he eats them."

Billy Evans: Do you have any Canada Dry?

Mr. Simms: Yes, we do.

Billy: Well, give it a drink.

My idea of a man truly going down is one with falling arches.

OUR ADVERTISERS ARE

R. C. Hatton & Son
Corona Dollar Srore
C. W. Harris & Son
Keller Furniture Store
Corona Investment Co.
Corona Steam Laundry
Corona Theatre
Clark's Toggery
J. C. Penney Inc.
Stanfield Drug Co.
Emerson's Dry Goods
Tisnerat' Dry Cleanors
Corona National Bank
Locke's Tire Service
Rubidoux Motor Co.
Coplen Motor Co.
Brockman's Furniture Store
H. C. Marsden, *Jeweler*
Gordons Grocery
Corona Hardware Co.
Hoover Furniture Store
Corona Drug Co.
Dr. C. A. Russel
Dr. C. E. Shank
Austin Studios, Los Angeles

Bill: Say, Ernie, do you know Dickens, that famous writer? Well, he sometimes spends two weeks on one paragraph.

Ernie: That's nothing. A jailbird sometimes spends twenty years on a sentence.

— C. H. S. —

Teacher: Where do figs come from, Dorothy?
Dorothy Moore: From fig trees.
Teacher: And lemons?
Dorothy: From lemon trees.
Teacher: And dates?
Dorothy: From the calendar.

— C. H. S. —

Monte: Would you say "Yes", if I asked you to marry me?
Nedine: If I should say "Yes", would you ask me?

Avis Ball: Why don't you marry Phyllis? Afraid to pop the question?
Beryln Brockman: No, afraid to question the pop.

— C. H. S. —

Mr. Hancock: Harry, do you mean to say that you can't name all the presidents we have had? When I was your age, I could name them all.

Harry Johnson: Yes, but there were only three or four then.

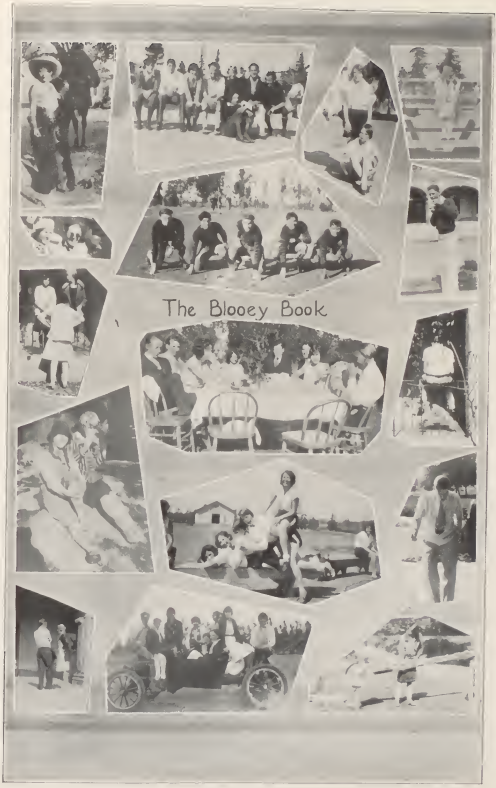
— C. H. S. —

Mrs. Newlywed: Your wallpaper just looks fine, dear. But what are those funny bumps?

Mr. Newlywed: Good Heavens, I forgot to take the pictures down.

— C. H. S. —

"Lyle, are you ever fired with enthusiasm?"
"Yassah! From every job I tackles."


The Blooey Book

MEMORIES

"Just a memory—that is all".

This Annual Printed by
Boulevard Print Shop
1075 No. Oxford Street
Los Angeles, California